Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction;
True Genesis of a Wonderful Man.

JAMES H. CATHEY.

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JAMES H. CATHEY.

Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction;

OR THE

True Genesis of a Wonderful Man.

BY

JAMES H. CATHEY.

"I AM GLAD YOU HAVE UNDERTAKEN THE 'LINCOLN MYSTERY', IF SUCH IT CAN BE STYLED. I BELIEVE ALL THAT I HAVE HEARD."

—*The late Col. Jno. D. Cameron.*

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"*He was, in the most significant way, a man who embodied all the best qualities of unspoiled middle-class men.*"

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"The Characteristic which struck me most was his superabundance of common sense."

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

"*There have indeed been times when such patriots as Garibaldi, Kossuth, and Lincoln have kindled in men an enthusiasm akin to adoration and worship.*"

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

"*It is an unquestioned fact that Nancy Hanks was an inmate of Abraham Enloe's home, and that while there she became enceinte and went to Kentucky.*"

CAPT. JAS. W. TERRELL.

"*The people in this country—all the old people with whom I talked—were familiar with the girl as Nancy Hanks.*"

CAPT. E. EVERETT.

Dedication.

TO THE FUTURE BIOGRAPHER WHO MAY SEARCH FOR ALL THE FACTS, AND THE COMING GENERATIONS WHO MAY WANT THE WHOLE TRUTH, THIS TRADITION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ORIGIN, IS SINCERELY DEDICATED.

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FOREWORD.

Generous reader, traverse with me the ensuing pages and they shall open to you a "sealed book." They shall lead along the neglected path of unwritten history and reveal to you, with care, an interesting fact in the story of America's most remarkable man.

They may tear the veil of popular modesty only to discover the naked truth.

The truth cannot hurt the living or the dead.

It is often a good popular nervine to disturb the commonplace with the heroic, the romantic, the tragic.

It is better still to replace popular shadow of doubt with popular sunshine of fidelity.

It is said, "there is a skeleton in every closet and that must not be disturbed." There

is no avoiding it with individuals or aggregations.

There should be no attempt to avoid exploring the dimmest recesses in the life of a real hero. The life and acts of a hero are not circumscribed by narrow lines. The atmosphere that belongs to him at once becomes free and self-imparting. Each and every phase of him is of the intensest interest to humanity; at once becomes, and of right should become, a common heritage.

Tradition is the musty old closet in which has been stowed for thousands of years the disjoined skeletons of history. These should be hauled forth, articulated, clothed with the flesh, and animated with the blood of the living truth.

There is one narrative of human events in which there is no evidence of a traditional closet—the Bible. In this ancient bundle of truth "a spade is called a spade."

If the "man after God's own heart" took his

fellow's life that he might obtain his wife, this book says so in so many blunt words. If the "father of the faithful" drove his bond-woman and their illegitimate son into the wilderness to die, to please his irate wife, such is the record.

But it is not our purpose here to try to reconcile moral incongruities. It should be sufficient for one to reflect that our world is inhabited by *men*; that it *has* been so and doubtless will.

Yielding to a moral cowardice—a feeling that recoils at the thought of making public one's own faults—historians have, with a few refreshing exceptions, cast aside one-half the events of the world.

The custom to pass unnoticed the vices, which make up the larger moiety of the man, has lead them to an immoderate exaggeration of his virtues.

To these, and a false notion of taste, is traceable the failure to record volumes without

number of the most thrilling history. Here is the trysting-place of truant tradition and family lore. Here, too, is a fruitful nursery of individual and national hypocrisy.

The recording of the good, only, in the life of a person or a nation, is a tale half told, a song half sung—often a wondrous tale, an epic song.

The statue is not complete till the sculptor has watched the last minute characteristic of the original follow the errand of his chisel. The flower does not show forth all its delicate tints in rounded splendor till its last tender petal is full blown.

Cicero tells us that the first and fundamental law of history is, "That it should neither dare to say anything that is false or fear to say anything that is true, nor give any just suspicion of favor or disaffection."

This is the standard of the true historian. Apropos to this, Edward Everett Hale says: "The history of mankind is made up of the

biographies of men." If this be true, Cicero's standard will apply to biography with double force.

The scriptural narrative traces the lineage of Christ along a solid chain of forty-two generations. If the sacred chronicler essayed to trace, without trepidation, so remote an origin as that of the divine Christ, why should one tremble or hesitate to inquire after the beginning of a great, though finite man? The day of miracles has passed these eighteen hundred years, and something cannot come of nothing.

It is the historical teaching that Abraham Lincoln was virtually "without ancestors, fellows, or successors." Whether this is a delusion it does not concern us to argue. He came into the world, and the world understood him not.

It is, therefore, the sole purpose of this little book to present a tradition tending to prove that this wonderful man was not without ancestors. His mother was Nancy Hanks. If

he was the son of a worthy sire the world is entitled to know who that sire was; when, where and how he lived; whence he came and what his characteristics.

For ninety years, or thereabout, from the time it is said Abraham Lincoln was begotten or born, as the case was, and the breeze occurred in the Enloe home, there has subsisted among the honest people at the center of authority a lively tradition that Abraham, the head of the Enloe family, was Lincoln's father by Nancy Hanks, who occupied the position of servant-girl in the Enloe household.

So confident and persistent have the keepers of this old testimony to the origin of Abraham Lincoln been, when plied with interrogatories, that they knew what they were talking about, that there was no opening for superstition, and the most one who was inclined to be skeptical could do was to wonder and say nothing.

One might hug his incredulity by imagining that the people who fathered the strange

accounts of Nancy Hanks and Abraham Enloe and a child, and the wonderful story of the striking personal likeness of Abraham Lincoln and Wesley Enloe, are illiterate, fanatical folk who have conjured up a fragmentary fable, how and for what they know not; but this incredulity is all cleared away, like fog before the sunbeams, when one learns that the custodians of the "Lincoln tradition" are numbered by the scores and hundreds of the first people—men and women—of Western North Carolina.

Ladies as well as gentlemen, not only of the immediate section, but also of distant States, visiting at Asheville and other places of resort in our mountains, finding a thread of the tradition, they pulled until their curiosity, at least, becoming excited, they visited Wesley Enloe, the alleged half-brother of Abraham Lincoln, in his hospitable mountain home, were filled with amazement, and went away convinced that the tradition was wrought in cords that could not easily be broken.

People who were familiar with Mr. Lincoln's history, or who knew him personally, were struck with the strange physical resemblance on first sight, and then watched a series of impersonations of Lincoln, as they studied the features and noted the varying postures of the person of Wesley Enloe.

The remarkable tradition, with its flesh and blood corroboration, was from time to time engaged to be written up by journalists, lawyers and clergymen of culture and standing, but nothing more than a hasty, desultory newspaper article was the result. The people over a very limited area of population were being made conversant with the valuable tradition, and its worthy repositors were, one by one, stepping from the earthly stage. It was plainly apparent that in a very few years the old generation would be gone, and a truth of American history, by sheer neglect, would be forever lost.

We felt our incapacity to undertake so

responsible a task. We were conscious of the delicacy of the undertaking, but the implicit, unquestioned faith which we had in the truthfulness of the tradition gave us a courage which shrank not from the most formidable-looking anti-traditional hobgoblin.

Thus emboldened we set to work to gather the odds and ends of our folk-history. We resolved at the outset that we would interrogate none but the most trustworthy—people who were in the best position to give a reason for the faith that was in them, together with the story of the relatives of the distinguished subject of our memoir. This we have, in every instance, done. In 1895 the writer conceived the idea of writing a newspaper or magazine article for the simple purpose of making known the tradition to the public generally, hoping thereby to attract the attention of the enterprising journalist, and after that the enduring chronicler; but private concerns interfered, and our purpose was frustrated for the time. Luckily,

however, we then obtained the statements of some very aged gentlemen whose testimony will herein appear, and which is of the most important character, who have since died.

We have been extremely fortunate in enlisting the co-operation of various good and often distinguished citizens in our search for data. Some of these have passed away since we began our first investigation. Those who are "up and able to be about" are the venerable half-brother of our illustrious subject, Mr. Wesley M. Enloe, and his nephew, Capt. Wm. A. Enloe; Dr. Isaac N. Enloe, of Illinois, and Mr. Sam. G. Enloe, of Missouri; Mr. J. Frank Enloe, of North Carolina, and Mrs. Floyd, of Texas, son and neice of Wesley M. Enloe; Mr. H. J. Beck, of Ocona Lufta, N. C.; C. A. Ragland, Esq., of Stockton, Mo.; Mr. Joseph A. Collins, of Clyde, N. C.; Capt. E. Everett, and Mr. D. K. Collins, of Bryson City, N. C.; the venerable Philip Dills, Hon. William A. Dills, and Mr. Sion T. Early, of Dillsboro, N. C.; and Captain James W. Terrell, of Webster, N. C.

To each of these gentlemen, and to Mrs. Floyd, the writer wishes to express his most sincere thanks. He has been most deeply touched by the generous and always courteous response his appeals have met from each and all of them, and his obligation to them can only be enhanced by the increase of the importance of the historical truth as it goes into the world fresh from their honest and disinterested lips. In voicing the memory of hundreds, these several individuals will, for the first time, bring face to face with the world a fact that is worth the world's while.

Tradition once said: "Premature pangs seized the mother of Napoleon while she was at church. She hurried home, barely reaching her apartment when the heroic babe was delivered, without accoucheur, on a piece of tapestry inwrought with an effigy of Achilles." Gradually becoming credulous, history says now: "This probably occurred."

There is not current a tradition of the

Corsican that is entitled to more credit than the North Carolina tradition of the Immortal Rail-splitter. We therefore give it to you and the future historian, as you have it, in modest but faithful form.

JAMES H. CATHEY.

Bryson City, N. C., Feb. 18, 1899.

CHAPTER I.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

In the year 1444, the story goes, Charles VII. of France, a man of forty, became suddenly and deeply enamored of a young Frenchwoman of not more than half his years, but more than twice his tact; and one of the brightest, wittiest, and most beautiful of women.

For six long years this nymph of grace and mischief kept King Charles wound tightly in her web of irresistible charms.

She caused him to neglect his most excellent consort, the queen, and her children; to place implacable hatred in the heart of Louis, the king's son, toward his father.

She beguiled him to provide her with regal

palaces throughout his realm ; adorn her with the most costly apparel and bedeck her with the rarest jewels ; to have her attended by long retinues of liveried servants and trained courtiers. She presented the king with bright and beautiful children; he adored Agnes Sorel with the wild intensity of a youthful lover, and the proud court of France, on bended knee, made obeisance to her.

At the end of the six years she suddenly died. The affair was first the property of gossip, then of tradition.

For many years the story of Charles and Agnes was passed from mouth to mouth.

Tales of her exquisite beauty and charms were familiar to prince and peasant. The secret of her beauty and attractions was said to have been her blond hair and teeth of rarest pearl, adorned at her will by the most bewitching smile.

As the years continued and the world hearkened to these seemingly extravagant reports,

there might have been seen significant tossings of the head, and there might have been heard the murmurings of an incredulous public. But in the year 1777, three hundred and twenty-seven years after Charles the Seventh had gently laid Agnes in her tomb at Loches, it was decided by some ecclesiastics that her monument was in the way and that it must be removed. The monument was accordingly torn down, the marble slab was raised, and at a distance of a few feet in the ground the workman struck a coffin, the lid of which was taken away, then another of lead, which, when opened, disclosed a third of iron, inside of which they found a jaw filled with rows of shapely teeth, and long, flowing braids of blond hair soft as velvet. Since this it is said that no Frenchman has dared doubt the popular story of the personal beauty of Agnes Sorel.

This story of the king's mistress is a demonstration of the substantial truth of any deep-rooted tradition.

Illustrated thus tradition becomes what in fact it always is, a loud panegyric to the collective veracity of mankind. From out the shafted grave of human charity and the iron casket of canonization shall come forth the teeth and tresses of convincing testimony.

Tradition is the principal means by which plain people preserve a knowledge of events. History is made up of tradition. A very small percentage of the happenings of the world is recorded, the historian being an eye-witness. Even those events that are recorded when they take place are anticipated, being of the most important character, and become the subjects of a score of chroniclers, all embalming the same substantial facts, but immersed in the peculiar oils and spices of each individual chronicler.

Many of the most delicate and yet indispensable notes of history that tell of the real character of people, savage and savant, come down the decades by word of mouth. They

are passed from ear to ear in silent pride and childish confidence around the cozy firesides of neighborhoods and states.

. It is the inestimable and inalienable right of memory.

Deprive, if it were possible, a people of their traditions, and you will rob memory of the tenderer half of its trophies. You will transform joyous youth into sober manhood in a single night, and turn the sunny plain of the aged into a wailing desert in a single day.

Every long-established and generally accepted tradition bears upon its face the authority of truth. The popular gaze melts away the mist, and popular scrutiny finds out the facts; popular judgment weighs these facts, and popular honesty discloses them.

The birth and many of the events in the life of Christ were for a long while confided to tradition's sacred keeping. Now that they are written in books and chiseled in marble, who doubts the tale of the shepherds and admissions of the wise men?

The birth and life of Christ carry with them divine authorization. So does any truth.

The following tradition is more than ninety years old. Its center of authority is Swain and neighboring counties of Western North Carolina:

Some time in the early years of the century, variously given 1803, 1805, 1806, and 1808, there was living in the family of Abraham Enloe, of Ocona Lufta, N. C., a young woman whose name was Nancy Hanks. This young woman remained in the household, faring as one of the family until, it becoming apparent that she was in a state of increase, and there appearing signs of the approach of domestic infelicity, she was quietly removed, at the instance of Abraham Enloe, to Kentucky.

This is the most commonly accepted version of the event.

Another pretty current construction of the story is that when Abraham Enloe emigrated from Rutherford county, there came with his

family a servant-girl whose name was Nancy Hanks, and who, after a time, gave birth to a boy child which so much resembled the legitimate heirs of Abraham Enloe, that their mother warmly objected to the presence of so unpleasant a reminder, and the embarrassed husband had the young child and its mother spirited to Kentucky. These are the two universally accepted versions of the one thoroughly accredited fact.

The tradition subsists on four salient and perfectly conversant points:

First.—That in the early years of the century a young woman took up her abode at Abraham Enloe's, in the capacity of hired girl, whose name was Nancy Hanks.

Second.—That this same girl, Nancy Hanks, while living at Abraham Enloe's, became *enceinte;* or entangled in an embarrassment in which her illegitimate child was the unconscious instigator.

Third.—That the wife of Abraham Enloe,

believing that her husband was the father of Nancy Hanks's child, and being unwilling to countenance what she conceived to be a reproach upon herself and children, demanded the disconnection of Nancy Hanks from her household.

Fourth.—That Abraham Enloe heeded the demand of his wife and forthwith effected the transportation of Nancy Hanks and her offspring to the State of Kentucky.

"Wherefore she said unto Abraham, cast out the bondwoman and her son, for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac.

And the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son.

And God said unto Abraham, Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bondwoman; in all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice; for in Isaac shall thy seed be called.

And also of the son of the bondwoman will I make a nation, because he is thy seed.

And Abraham rose up early in the morning and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away; and she departed and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba.

And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bow-shot; for she said let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him and lifted up her voice and wept.

And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven and said unto her: What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God has heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation.

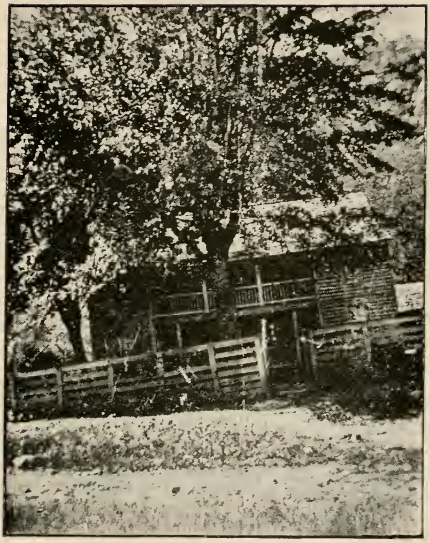
And God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water and gave the lad drink.

And God was with the lad, and he grew and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer. And he dwelt in the wilderness of Paran."

This is the entire beautiful and pathetic story of Hagar and her son. As one reads it how much of it seems analogous to poor Nancy Hanks and the account of Abraham Lincoln's childhood.

But if men and women living under kindred circumstances a little more than three-quarters of a century since are as much entitled to be believed as Moses, the drama of Abraham and Sarah and their bondwoman Hagar, and her child, in this tradition, is again enacted with strange fidelity. Bereft of the tender guardianship of either father or mother, and thrown adrift on the cold charity of the world, Nancy Hanks, in what particular manner is unknown at this distant day, sought shelter under the kindly roof of Abraham Enloe.

She was young, doubtless yet in her teens. The bloom of youth had not faded from her



THE OLD HOUSE.

The Residence of Wesley Enloe, and the House of Abraham Enloe when Nancy Hanks was Transported to Kentucky.

brow. The expression of native intelligence, saddened by scenes of poverty and pain, shone from her eye. In her voice ran a tone of melancholy, betraying a life of sorrow and neglect.

It was a red-letter day for her when she was welcomed by the family into the comfortable home of Abraham Enloe. Never had the sun shone brighter or the birds sung sweeter to her than on that day. She drank afresh life's invigorating elixir, and dreamed for the first time of some of its most pleasant realities.

Her face became changed; there was now no mingled look of weariness and woe, only a faint trace of the sad. Her eye was changed; there was now the sparkle of light and life, with the dimmest expression of gloom. Her voice was changed; there was now the music of contentment and peace, with the softest accompaniment of grief.

In a word, from the day Nancy Hanks entered the home of Abraham Enloe hers was the happy fortune for the first time in her life

to know what was meant by having comfortable clothes, a good bed, nutritious food and warm friends, and ere she was aware rosy health and radiant hope had stolen into her being and taken up their abode.

She had now learned the formal round of household chores, and her life became halcyon. In her step was the light, quick spring of youth, and she turned off the domestic duties with a despatch and ease that would have done credit to one of more practiced skill.

Months, and it may be years, passed thus, and the cherry presence and admirable service of Nancy Hanks engrafted themselves into the family life and economy of Abraham Enloe; she was by mutual and inadvertent acknowledgment one of its members.

But the time came when the "even tenor" of Abraham Enloe's household was disturbed; it was a sly and impious mishap, for which the head of the household was held by his wife to be primarily responsible.

It was a sad hour when Nancy Hanks was forced by her mistake to take a final leave of her otherwise happy home in the Carolina mountains.

There is no doubt but that indirectly Abraham Enloe gave her the "bread and bottle of water" the morning she was sent into the forest and toward her Kentucky home. Nay, more, there is little doubt that he was better to her and his child than was Abraham of old to Hagar and his, for he did not set them adrift in the wilderness to survive or perish as it pleased providence, but like a man with a great compassionate heart, provided them horses and a safe consort to bring them to their predetermined destination.

However remarkable the similarity in physical circumstances, equally wonderful is the moral analogy of these two cases.

If the case of Hagar and her tender boy presents a picture of pity and despair, that of Nancy Hanks and her infant child presents a

scene that is the very soul of sorrow and regret. The parallel does not cease with their banishment and journeyings, but is sustained in the privations and sufferings in childhood and youth, and the exalted honor and distinction of the mature manhood of Ishmael and Abraham Lincoln.

Charles Kingsley says: "It was ordained, ages since, into what particular spot each grain of gold should be washed down from an Australian quartz reef, that a certain man might find it at a certain moment and crisis of his life."

A learned divine recently said: "St John wrote his gospels about sixty years after the events took place. Yet he had an old man's vivid recollection of distant occurrences."

Tendering them these words of assurance from most eminent authority, we shall here turn over this tradition, for the time being, to its faithful repositors.

PHILIP DILLS.

Mr. Dills was born in Rutherford county, N. C., January 10, 1808. His father emigrated to the mountains of Western North Carolina almost contemporaneously with Abraham Enloe. Although Mr. Dills was four years old when Jackson whipped Pakenham at New Orleans, he is nimble both in body and mind. He describes the removal of the Cherokees west of the Mississippi; tells of the elections when Clay and Jackson were rivals—of casting his first vote for the latter; recalls the personal appearance of John C. Calhoun, whom he saw and with whom he talked; the duel between Sam Carson and Dr. Vance, and many other incidents of early days he distinctly remembers and recites with genuine gusto.

Mr. Dills is a citizen of Jackson county. His post-office is Dillsboro. He said:

"Although a generation younger and living some twenty-five miles from him, I knew

Abraham Enloe personally and intimately. I lived on the road which he frequently traveled in his trips south, and he made my house a stopping-place. He was a large man, tall, with dark complexion, and coarse, black hair. He was a splendid looking man, and a man of fine sense. His judgment was taken as a guide, and he was respected and looked up to in his time.

"I do not know when I first heard of his relation with Nancy Hanks, but it was many years before the civil war, and while I was a very young man. The circumstance was related in my hearing by the generation older than myself, and I heard it talked over time and again later. I have no doubt that Abraham Enloe was the father of Abraham Lincoln."

WALKER BATTLE.

Mr. Battle was born February 12, 1809, in Haywood county. His father was one of the three men who came to Ocona Lufta with

Abraham Enloe. He was a highly respected citizen of Swain county. The following statement was received from him in 1895. He has since died. His son, Milton Battle, a reputable citizen, is familiar with his father's statement. His post-office is Bryson City, N. C. Walker Battle said:

"My father was one of the first settlers of this country. He came here with Abraham Enloe. I have lived here my entire life, and I knew Abraham Enloe and his family almost as well as I knew my own.

"The incident occurred, of course, before my day, but I distinctly remember hearing my own family tell of the trouble between Abraham Enloe and Nancy Hanks when I was a boy. I recall, as if it were but yesterday, hearing them speak of Nancy's removal to Kentucky and that she married there a fellow by the name of Lincoln; that Abraham Enloe had some kind of correspondence with the woman after he sent her to Kentucky—

sent her something—and that he had to be very cautious to keep his wife from finding it out.

"There is no doubt as to Nancy Hanks having once lived in the family of Abe Enloe, and there is no doubt that she was the mother of a child by him.

"No, I never saw Nancy Hanks's name in print in my life, and never saw a sketch of Abraham Lincoln, or heard of him, until he became a candidate for the presidency in 1860."

WILLIAM H. CONLEY.

Mr. Conley was born about the year 1812, in Haywood county. He lived the greater part of his life within fifteen miles of Abraham Enloe's. He was a man of intelligence and perfect veracity. The following statement, the original of which is in the writer's possession, was obtained from him in 1895. He has since died.

Mr. Conley said:

"My father, James Conley, was the first white man to settle on the creek in this (Swain) county, which bears his name. Abraham Enloe was one of the first to settle on Ocona Lufta. Enloe and my father were warm friends. I knew Abe Enloe myself well. He was an impressive looking man. On first sight you were compelled to think that there was something extraordinary in him, and when you became acquainted with him your first impression was confirmed. He was far above the average man in mind.

"As to the tradition: I remember when I was a lad, on one occasion some of the women of the settlement were at my father's house, and in conversation with my mother they had a great deal to say about some trouble that had once occurred between Abe Enloe and a girl they called Nancy Hanks, who had at some time staid at Enloe's. I heard nothing more, as I now remember, about the matter, until the

year before the war, the news came that Abraham Lincoln had been nominated for the presidency, when it was the common understanding among the older people that Lincoln was the son of Abe Enloe by Nancy Hanks.

"Not one of them had ever seen, up to that time, a written account of Lincoln. There is no doubt that Nancy Hanks lived at Abraham Enloe's. She became pregnant while there by Abraham Enloe, and to quell a family disturbance Enloe had her moved to Kentucky, just as my father and mother, and others, have time and again related in my hearing.

"I have no doubt that Abe Enloe was the father of Abraham Lincoln."

CAPTAIN EP. EVERETT.

Captain Everett was born April 4, 1830, in Davy Crockett's native county, Tennessee. He came to what was then Jackson, now Swain county, in the late fifties, and has since lived in twelve miles of the Abe Enloe homestead. He was captain of Company E, Third

Tennessee. He served through the entire war, showing conspicuous courage at First Manassas. He helped to organize the county of Swain, in 1871. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1875, that amended the Constitution of the State. He has been magistrate, mayor of the town of Bryson City, and sheriff of the county. He is well known throughout the State as one of her best and brainiest citizens. He said:

"In time of the war, in conversation with various old and reliable citizens of this section, I learned that Abe Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, once lived in the family of Abe Enloe and was sent from there to Kentucky, to be delivered of a child. The cause of her removal to Kentucky was a threatened row between Abe Enloe and old Mrs. Enloe, his wife. The people in this county—all the old people with whom I talked—were familiar with the girl as *Nancy Hanks.* This subject was not only the common country rumor, but I saw it similarly

rehearsed in the local newspapers of the time. I have no doubt of its truth."

CAPTAIN JAMES W. TERRELL.

Captain Terrell was born in Rutherford county, N. C., the last day of the year 1829. At the age of sixteen he came to Haywood, where he lived with his grandfather, Wm. D. Kirkpatrick, until 1852, when he joined himself in business with Col. Wm. H. Thomas, a man of great shrewdness and enterprise. In 1854 he was made disbursing agent to the North Carolina Cherokees. In 1862 he enlisted in the Confederate service as lieutenant in a company of Cherokee Indians. Later he was promoted. Since the war he has merchandised and been a railroad contractor. He has represented his county in the legislature and filled other offices of trust and honor. He is recognized throughout Western North Carolina as a most excellent and useful citizen. He said:

"Having personally had some hints from the Enloes, of Jackson and Swain, with whom I am intimately acquainted, my attention was seriously drawn to the subject by an article which appeared in *Bledsoe's Review*, in which the writer gives an account of a difficulty between Mr. Lincoln's reputed father and a man named Enloe.

"I then began to inquire into the matter and had no difficulty in arriving at the following indisputable facts, for which I am indebted to the following old people: The late Dr. John Mingus, son-in-law to Abraham Enloe; his widow Mrs. Polly Mingus, daughter of Abraham Enloe (lately deceased), and their son Abram Mingus, who still lives; also to the late William Farley and the late Hon. William H. Thomas, besides many other very old people, all of whom, I believe, are now dead.

"1st. Some time about the beginning of the present century, a young orphan girl was employed in the family of Abram Enloe, then

of Rutherford county, N. C. Her position in the family was nearly that of member, she being an orphan with no relatives that she knew. *Her name was undoubtedly Nancy Hanks.* Abram Enloe moved about the year 1805 from Rutherford, stopping first for a short while on Soco creek, but eventually settled on the Ocona Lufta, where his son, Wesley M. Enloe, now resides, then Buncombe, afterward Haywood, later Jackson and now Swain county.

"2d. Some time after settling on the Ocona Lufta Miss Hanks became *enceinte*, and a family breeze resulted and Nancy Hanks was sent to Kentucky.

"3d. She was accompanied to Kentucky by or through the instrumentality of Hon. Felix Walker, then a member of Congress from the 'Buncombe district.'

"There is no doubt of the truth of these statements. They were all of them well known to a generation just passed away, and

with many of whom I was well and intimately acquainted. The following I give as it came to me:

"A probable reason for sending the girl Nancy Hanks to Kentucky was that at that time some of the Enloe kindred were living there. I was informed that a report reached here that she was married soon after reaching Kentucky.

"Mrs. Abram Enloe's maiden name was Egerton, and she was a native of Rutherford county. Some years ago, meeting with Dr. Egerton, of Hendersonville, and finding that he was a relative of Mrs. Enloe, our conversation drifted toward the Enloe family, and he imparted to me the following:

"Some time in the early fifties two young men of Rutherford county moved to Illinois and settled in or near Springfield. One of them, whose name was Davis, became intimately acquainted with Mr. Lincoln. In the fall of 1860, just before the presidential elec-

tion, Mr. Davis and his friend paid a visit back to Rutherford and spent a night with Dr. Egerton. Of course the presidential candidates would be discussed. Mr. Davis told Dr. Egerton that in a private and confidential talk which he had with Mr. Lincoln the latter told him that he was of Southern extraction, that his right name was, or ought to have been, Enloe, but that he had always gone by the name of his *stepfather*.

"Mr. Enloe's Christian name was Abram, and if Mr. Lincoln was his son he was not unlikely named for him.

"About the time of the famous contest between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass, Hon. Wm. H. Seward franked to me a speech of Mr. Lincoln's, made in that campaign, entitled: 'Speech of Hon. *Abram* Lincoln.' He himself invariably signed his name 'A. Lincoln.'

"To my mind, taking into consideration the unquestioned fact that Nancy Hanks was an

inmate of Abram Enloe's family, that while there she became pregnant, that she went to Kentucky and there married an obscure man named Lincoln, the story is highly probable indeed, and when fortified with the wonderful likeness between Wesley M. Enloe, legitimate son of Abram Enloe, and Mr. Lincoln, I cannot resist the conviction that they are sons of the same sire. A photo of either might be passed on the family of the other as their genuine head."

HON. WM. A. DILLS.

Mr. Dills is a native of Jackson county, N. C., and resides in the thriving little town which was named in his honor—Dillsboro. He is an intelligent, progressive citizen. His people have honored him with place and power. He has represented his county in the lower house of the legislature. He said:

"My information with regard to the subject, so far as this country is concerned, is tradi-

tional, as the events named occurred long before I was born.

"Several years ago, while I was teaching school in the State of Missouri, I read a sketch of the life of Abraham Lincoln, which ran as follows: 'Abraham Lincoln was born in the State of Kentucky, of a woman whose name was Nancy Savage or Nancy Hanks. His father is supposed to have been a man by the name of Enloe. When the boy was eight years old his mother married an old man by the name of Lincoln, whose profession was rail-splitting. Soon after the marriage he took a large contract of splitting rails in the State of Illinois, where he took the boy and his mother, and the boy assumed the name of Lincoln.' The above is a verbatim quotation of the sketch that far.

"On my return from Missouri I took occasion to investigate the old tradition to my own satisfaction. I found that Nancy Hanks once lived with Abraham Enloe, in the county of

Buncombe (now Swain), and while there became involved with Enloe; a child was imminent, if it had not been born, and Nancy Hanks was conveyed to Kentucky.

"The public may read in Wesley M. Enloe, son of Abraham Enloe, a walking epistle of Abraham Lincoln. If there is any reliance to be placed in tradition of the strongest class they are half-brothers. I have not the shadow of a doubt the tradition is true.

"For further information, I refer you to Col. Allen T. Davidson, of Asheville."

JOSEPH A. COLLINS.

Mr. Collins is fifty-six years of age and resides in the town of Clyde, in Haywood county. He served three years of the war between the States as a private, after which he was promoted to the second lieutenancy of his company, in which capacity he continued until the surrender. He has been in the mercantile business for twenty-five years, ten years of which he was a traveling salesman. He is

now proprietor of a hardware store in his home town. He is well known over the entire western part of the State as a gentleman of the most unquestionable integrity. He said:

"The first I knew of any tradition being connected with Abraham Lincoln's origin on his father's side was in 1867. At that time I was in Texas, and while there I made the acquaintance of Judge Gilmore, an old gentleman who lived three miles from Fort Worth.

"He told me he knew Nancy Hanks before she was married, and that she then had a child she called Abraham. 'While the child was yet small,' said Judge Gilmore, 'she married a man by the name of Lincoln, a whisky distiller. 'Lincoln,' he said, 'was a very poor man, and they lived in a small log house.'

"'After Nancy Hanks was married to the man Lincoln,' said Gilmore, 'the boy was known by the name of Abraham Lincoln. He said that Abraham's mother, when the boy was about eight years old, died.'

"Judge Gilmore said he himself was five or six years older than Abraham Lincoln; that he knew him well; attended the same school with him. He said Lincoln was a bright boy and learned very rapidly; was the best boy to work he had ever known.

"He said he knew Lincoln until he was almost grown, when he, Gilmore, moved to Texas. During his residence in Texas he was elected judge of the county court. He was an intelligent, responsible man.

"Years ago I was traveling for a house in Knoxville. On Turkey creek, in Buncombe county, N. C., I met an old gentleman whose name was Phillis Wells. He told me that he knew Abraham Lincoln was the son of Abraham Enloe, who lived on Ocona Lufta.

"Wells said he was then ninety years of age. When he was a young man he traveled over the country and sold tinware and bought furs, feathers, and ginseng for William Johnston, of Waynesville. He said he often stopped with

Abraham Enloe. On one occasion he called to stay over night, as was his custom, when Abraham Enloe came out and went with him to the barn to put up his horse, and while there Enloe said:

"'My wife is mad; about to tear up the place; she has not spoken to me in two weeks, and I wanted to tell you about it before you went in the house.' Then, remarked Wells: 'I said what is the matter?' and Abraham Enloe replied: 'The trouble is about Nancy Hanks, a hired girl we have living with us.' Wells said he staid all night, and that Mrs. Enloe did not speak to her husband while he was there. He said he saw Nancy Hanks there; that she was a good-looking girl, and seemed to be smart for business.

"Wells said before he got back there on his next trip that Abraham Enloe had sent Nancy Hanks to Jonathan's creek and hired a family there to take care of her; that later a child was born to Nancy Hanks, and she named him Abraham.

"Meantime the trouble in Abraham Enloe's family had not abated. As soon as Nancy Hanks was able to travel, Abraham Enloe hired a man to take her and her child out of the country, in order to restore quiet and peace at home. He said he sent her to some of his relatives near the State line between Tennessee and Kentucky. He said Nancy and the child were cared for by Enloe's relatives until she married a fellow by the name of Lincoln.

"I asked the old gentleman if he really believed Abraham Lincoln was the son of Abraham Enloe, and he replied: 'I know it, and if I did not know it I would not tell it.'

"I made special inquiry about the character of Wells, and every one said that he was an honest and truthful man and a good citizen."

H. J. BECK.

Mr. Beck was born and reared and has all his life lived on Ocona Lufta. He was one of Abraham Enloe's neighbors, as was his father before him. He is now an octogenarian. He

is well-to-do, intelligent and of upright character. He said:

"I have heard my father and mother often speak of the episode of Abraham Enloe and Nancy Hanks. They said Abraham Enloe moved from Rutherford county here, bringing with his family a hired girl named Nancy Hanks. Some time after they settled here Nancy Hanks was found to be with child, and Enloe procured Hon. Felix Walker to take her away. Walker was gone two or three weeks. If they told where he took her I do not now think of the place.

"As to Abraham Enloe, he was a very large man, weighing between two and three hundred. He was justice of the peace. The first I remember of him, I was before him in trials. In these cases, of difference between neighbors, he was always for peace and compromise. If an amicable adjustment could not be effected he was firm and unyielding. He was an excellent business man."

D. K. COLLINS.

Mr. Collins was born October 8, 1844. He was a Lieutenant of Sharpshooters, Company F, 69th N. C. Regiment. He is the most extensive dry-goods merchant in the State west of Asheville. He is an excellent citizen and cultured gentleman. He said:

"The tradition is well-founded. I have been in position to note its bearings, and there is no doubt that Nancy Hanks lived at Abraham Enloe's, and that the event took place substantially as related by the men and women who were familiar with it."

CAPT. WM. A. ENLOE.

Captain Enloe was born in Haywood (now Jackson) county, and is sixty-six years of age. He is a successful merchant and business man. He is a gentleman of superior sense, modesty, firmness and integrity. He was Captain of Company F, 29th N. C. Regiment, commanded by Robt. B. Vance, and served through the war. He has represented his county in the

General Assembly. He is a grandson of Abraham Enloe. He said:

"There is a tradition come down through the family that Nancy Hanks, the mother of President Lincoln, once lived at my grandfather's, and while there became the mother of a child said to be my grandfather Abraham Enloe's.

One Mr. Thompson married my aunt Nancy, daughter of Abraham Enloe, contrary to the will of my grandfather; to conceal the matter from my grandfather's knowledge, Thompson stole her away and went to Kentucky; on the trip they were married. Hearing of their marriage, my grandfather reflected and decided to invite them back home. On their return they were informed of the tumult in my grandfather's household because of Nancy Hanks, who had given birth to a child; and when my uncle and aunt, Thompson and wife, returned to their Kentucky home, they took with them Nancy Hanks and her child. This

is the family story as near as I can reproduce it from memory.

"In 1861 I came home from Raleigh to recruit my company. On my return, while waiting for the stage in Asheville, I took dinner at what was then the Carolina House. The table was filled largely with officers going to and from their various commands. The topic of conversation seemed to be Abraham Lincoln. One of the gentlemen remarked that Lincoln was not the correct name of the President—that his name was Enloe and that his father lived in Western North Carolina. I maintained the part of an interested listener, and no one suspected that my name was Enloe.

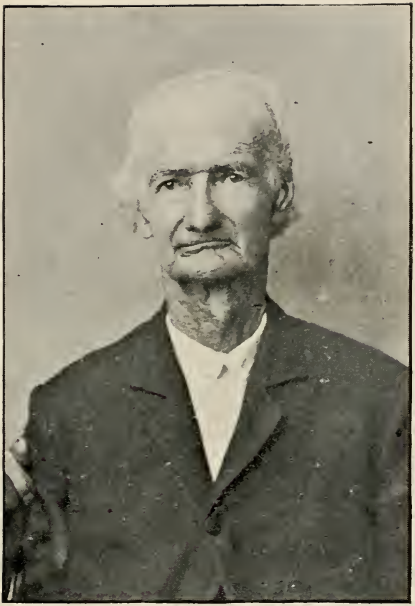
"After this, during the war, and while stationed in East Tennessee, I was handed a paper with nearly a column of what purported to be a sketch of Abraham Lincoln's early life in Kentucky—alleging that his father's name was Enloe, and that he (Lincoln) was born in Western North Carolina."

WESLEY M. ENLOE.

Mr. Enloe was born 1811, in Haywood county, N. C., and is the ninth and only surviving son of Abraham Enloe. He resides on the same farm and in the same house in which his father lived when Nancy Hanks was banished from the household. He is a quiet, suave, intelligent gentleman of the old school, and a prosperous farmer. He said:

"I was born after the incident between father and Nancy Hanks. I have, however, a vivid recollection of hearing the name Nancy Hanks frequently mentioned in the family while I was a boy. No, I never heard my father mention it; he was always silent on the subject so far as I know.

"Nancy Hanks lived in my father's family. I have no doubt the cause of my father's sending her to Kentucky is the one generally alleged. The occurrence as understood by my generation and given to them by that of my father, I have no doubt is essentially true.



WESLEY M. ENLOE.

Traditional Half-brother of Abraham Lincoln at the Age of 88.

"My father moved to this place (Ocona Lufta) somewhere from 1803 to 1808."

A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE.

It has been our steady resolve to admit nothing in these memoirs over a fictitious or anonymous signature. But as all the newspaper articles on the subject available are thus signed, we determined to depart from our rule and give the full text of a correspondence in the *Charlotte Observer* of September 17th, 1893.

The Observer is one of the foremost public prints of the south. It is edited by Colonel Joseph P. Caldwell, a distinguished member of an old, distinguished family, and one of the most brilliant journalists in the country.

And if we have been rightly informed, the writer, who signs himself "Student of History," is a worthy member of another and illustrious North Carolina family.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OBSERVER:—My attention has been called to the communication in last Sunday's edition on Abraham Lincoln's

ancestry. The communication and your interesting editorial called to mind a true story in the life of one of Lincoln's contemporaries, Mr. Judah P. Benjamin. It is not known to many of this generation that Mr. Benjamin, when a boy, lived in Fayetteville, N. C., and was a student in the academy, in that city. His brother Solomon and his sister Judith, when quite small, lived in the same town. I think it is true, too, that a part of his boyhood was spent in Wilmington, N. C. His family were English Hebrews, and he was born in the West Indies. Hon. Warren Winslow, when in Congress, tried to remind Mr. Benjamin of his early life in North Carolina. I heard him say he failed to make Mr. Benjamin's 'memory recollect.' His early life in the United States began in North Carolina and official life, as a member of Mr. Davis's cabinet, ended in Greensboro, N. C., or Charlotte, in the same State. He separated from Mr. Davis the morning after he left Washing-

ton, Ga. He was Lincoln's junior by two years. Your correspondent connects Lincoln's life with North Carolina.

A few years since, probably in 1889, the writer of this communication was informed by Dr. A. W. Miller that he heard in Western North Carolina that there was a tradition in Swain county that Abraham Lincoln was born in that county. That his father's name was Abram Enloe, and the name of his mother was Nancy Hanks. That the house in which he was born was at that time occupied by Wesley Enloe, a son of Abram Enloe, and, ergo, the half-brother of the great president.

In 1890, being in Webster, Jackson county, I met a gentleman who was county surveyor of Jackson, who gave me the story related by Dr. Miller, and added facts in the tradition. The story as related to the doctor was, that Nancy Hanks and Abram were carried to Kentucky by a mule-drover who was in the habit of stopping at Abram Enloe's, at the

foot of the Smoky mountains, about 1804. The surveyor's information was that Felix Walker, the congressional representative—the author of the famous expression 'speaking for Buncombe'—in order to do his constituent "Abram" a good turn, carried Hagar and Ishmael to Hardin county, Kentucky. He stated also that two citizens, Davis by name, lodged one night at his friend's house and stated that they lived in Illinois, and had emigrated to that State from Rutherford county, N. C. These gentlemen stated that Abraham Lincoln was acquainted with them, and on learning they were from Rutherford county, told them his mother had frequently told him she had lived in that county. These gentlemen informed their host (Dr. Egerton of Hendersonville, I think) that Abram Lincoln was one of the big men of the great west, from which they had hailed. This incident happened about 1858.

The following week the writer was in Bryson City.

Dr. Miller was under the impression that Wesley Enloe was a facsimile of Abraham Lincoln, or certain members of the Enloe family were very similar in features to him. The Jackson surveyor had excited my curiosity, and, having a day off, I lost no time, and was soon on my route up the Tuckaseegee, bound for the Abram Enloe homestead, just fourteen miles from Bryson City. The road was rocky, and my driver was of the silent kind, so I gave my attention to the shaping of my interview on what loomed up to me as a very difficult subject to handle. A silence of five miles was suddenly interrupted by the driver's inquiry as to my business with Mr. Wesley Enloe. I replied promptly, "I am going up principally to look at him." This answer left me to my own reflections and the scenery of the Oconaluftə, a branch of the Tuckaseegee, which is beautiful beyond description. The native Indian sunned himself along the roadside, or paddled

his smooth canoe under the overhanging Rhododendron. Suddenly the driver, overburdened with curiosity, at the ninth milestone, interrupted me with the question, "Would I mind telling what I wanted to look at Wesley Enloe for?" "Not at all; I have heard he resembles Abram Lincoln, and that he is his half-brother." The driver then became satisfied and talkative. He stated he had heard the story frequently, and was a relative of the Enloe family himself.

Passing Yellow Hill, the Indian school supported by the government, a down-grade of three or four miles brought us to a beautiful, rich valley farm, the present home of Wesley, and the old Abraham Enloe homestead. The house was not unlike many of the old houses in North Carolina—one story, the roof sloping down over the piazza, with the company-room opening on the porch. Mr. Enloe and his wife were seated in front, a picture of undisturbed contentment and rural happiness.

MRS. JULIA ENLOE BIRD.

Daughter of Wesley Enloe and therefore Niece of Abraham Lincoln.

The driver carried his team to the barn, and Mrs. Enloe retired to look after the dinner.

Mr. Enloe was about six feet, two or three inches tall, and, to my great disappointment, bald-headed; his right shoulder a little lower than his left; when standing, just slightly stooped forward. Our conversation took a varied turn—the force bill, the Alliance, crops, walnut rails, etc. I inquired finally if he had a picture of himself before he lost his hair. His daughter Julia, about nineteen years old, was summoned and brought a basketful of photographs. My attention was taken at once by the striking resemblance between Julia and Abraham Lincoln. The picture with a full head of hair failed to satisfy me of a striking face resemblance between Wesley Enloe and Abraham Lincoln. The photograph was taken the year Lincoln was killed, in Waynesville, to which place Mr. Enloe had carried a drove of beef-cattle the summer of 1865.

Mr. Enloe stated that he had never heard his father's name mentioned in his family in connection with Abraham Lincoln. He said: "I was the youngest of a family of sixteen. Such might have been the fact, but of course the older ones would not be apt to talk to me on a subject like that to which you allude. About 1871, say ten years ago, I learned and heard the story read from an Asheville paper for the first time."

The subject was dropped until four, when I started for home. I remarked, after thanking him for his hospitality, that I was perhaps the only man who had ever called just to look at him. The old man was without his coat, with wool hat, narrow brim. He replied pleasantly: "Now that you have seen me, what do you think?" My reply was that I must confess that I was disappointed, but that now seeing him with his hat on, with his hands crossed behind him (a favorite posture with Mr. Lincoln), taking in the whole six feet, three or four inches, there was

a resemblance which I had no doubt was greater twenty-five years past. The resemblance in the case of Miss Julia is striking.

The old gentleman then related the following incident: "Two months past, in Dillsboro, in my daughter's parlor (she married in that town) is a map picture of President Lincoln. She said to me, 'Look at that picture. Did you ever see a better picture of my brother Frank?' Frank is my son and I have always heard he was much like my brother Scroup, who was said to be very like his father Abraham Enloe. I favor my mother's people. In size I am like the Enloes."

I failed to find Frank Enloe at home. At Dillsboro, having a draft to cash, I was informed by the hotel-keeper that William Enloe would cash it. On going into the store, filled with customers, I recognized William Enloe by his resemblance to Mr. Lincoln.

On my return east, arriving at Asheville at 3 P.M., I had dismissed the subject from my

mind, but resolved to see Colonel Davidson, the father of our late attorney-general. I found him at home, willing to talk. And now, Mr. Editor, here is Colonel Davidson's story as your correspondent remembers it:

"Abram Enloe lived in Rutherford county. He had in his family a girl named Nancy Hanks, about ten or twelve years of age. He moved from Rutherford to Buncombe and settled on a branch of the Ocona, in what was afterwards Haywood, and what is now Swain county. At the end of eight years he moved to the house at the foot of the Smoky mountain, the place above described as the present home of Wesley Enloe.

"Soon after Abram moved his own daughter, Nancy Enloe, against his wish, ran away and married a Kentucky gentleman named Thompson, from Hardin county in that State.

"In the meantime during the absence of Mrs. Nancy Enloe Thompson in Kentucky, at the home of Abram Enloe a son was born to Nancy

Hanks, then about twenty or twenty-one years of age. The relations between Mrs. Enloe and her husband became, as a matter of course, unpleasant.

"There is a lady now living," says Colonel Davidson, "who, as a girl, was visiting Abram Enloe. This lady says that Nancy Enloe Thompson, having become reconciled with her parents, had returned from Kentucky to North Carolina. They were to start to Kentucky again in a few days, and she remembered hearing a neighbor say, 'I am glad Nancy Hanks and her boy are going to Kentucky with Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Enloe will be happy again.'

"I married into the Enloe family myself. I settled Abram Enloe's estate, and have frequently heard this tradition during my life, and have no doubt of its truth."

He added the following story, which is significant:

"I am a lawyer. I was seated in my office, since the war and soon after its close. A gen-

tleman called, introduced himself as Thompson and stated he learned that I was the man who settled Abram Enloe's estate; that he was a a son of Nancy Enloe Thompson. He stated, among other things, that he was a Democrat, and had been an Indian agent during the Lincoln administration.

"I asked," said Col. Davidson, "how Lincoln, who was a Republican, appointed him, a Democrat, an Indian agent?"

Thompson replied that Lincoln was under some great obligation to his (Thompson's) mother, and expressed a desire to aid her, if possible, in some substantial way. She finally consented that he might do something for her son, and this is the way I got my appointment.

I have written this at your request, Mr. Editor, hoping that you will open your columns to Col. Davidson and others, so that we may follow the clues these people may furnish, and thus see if there is any truth in this interesting North Carolina tradition.

STUDENT OF HISTORY.

On first blush there might seem to be a discrepancy between the statement of Wesley Enloe to the writer of these testimonies and the above correspondent, but there is none.

He stated to the former that he had frequently heard the name Nancy Hanks spoken by other and older members of the family in his boyhood, but never heard his father mention the name or episode. He stated to the latter that he had never heard Lincoln's name associated with the name of his father or the family; that he was the youngest of his father's sixteen children, and they had, doubtless, kept the matter from him because (such is the inference) of his juniority. I know that Wesley Enloe has taken no serious thought of the matter; that he is an extremely retired and modest citizen, never, doubtless, having had a biography of Lincoln in his house, and the incidents herein related came to him by degrees, dawned on him gradually like so many revelations. It must be remembered that he was

born two years, according to history, and perhaps four or five years according to the North Carolina tradition by some of the witnesses, after the birth of Mr. Lincoln. The fact was recalled by the older and knowing ones, by the association of the name Nancy Hanks with that of the great emancipator, and the statements of those who had been so fortunate as to obtain admissions from Mr. Lincoln himself, his mother and their Kentucky neighbors. Again it must be borne in mind that the Enloes were citizens of the same neighborhood and doubtless friends of Mr. Lincoln's from the very beginning of his public career.

The episode was a matter of extraordinary local notoriety in the most secret way, for the reason, as explained by many of the old people who were familiar with it, that Abraham Enloe was a very prominent citizen and greatly respected and admired by his neighbors and fellow-citizens, and the head of one of the best families of North Carolina, as well as through

genuine sympathy for Nancy Hanks, who, according to the tradition, was held in unaffected esteem by the settlement.

It is interesting to note that the *Observer* correspondent is one of the very few intelligent students of Wesley Enloe who, even at his advanced age, when his features are pinched and sharpened by years and toil, fails to see in him a striking facial as well as bodily resemblance to Abraham Lincoln.

C. A. RAGLAND, ESQ.

Mr. Ragland is a citizen of Missouri and a leading attorney of the town of Stockton. He wrote:

"In reply to your letter to my wife have to say: About twelve years ago I called on Col. T. G. C. Davis at his office in St. Louis, Mo. At that time I lived in Illinois. Col. Davis was a relative of mine, his mother having been a Miss Ragland of Kentucky. Col. Davis was also born in Kentucky, and was a cousin of Jeff Davis, President of the Confederacy.

"Col. Davis having once resided for a long while in Illinois, the conversation naturally turned upon her times and men. He said he was personally and intimately acquainted with President Lincoln—was often associated with him, as well as against him, in law cases before the Supreme Court of Illinois; that they, as members of a committee of the Constitutional Convention (I think of 1844 or 5) of Illinois, drafted the most of the Constitution. He said that he knew the mother of Lincoln; that he was raised in the same neighborhood in Kentucky, and that it was generally understood, without question, in that neighborhood, that Lincoln, the man that married the President's mother, was not the father of the President, but that his father's name was Enloe.

"These facts I have a distinct recollection of. Col. Davis died about three years ago, in Denton, Texas."

COL. JOHN D. CAMERON.

Col. Cameron was a native of North Caro-

lina. He graduated with honor from the University, and was a man of deep and varied learning and spotless reputation. He was a professional journalist; was many years editor of the Asheville *Citizen*, a bright daily. He was the author of the "North Carolina Handbook." The congenial colonel, at a ripe age, has recently passed away. He wrote:

"I am glad you have undertaken the 'Lincoln Mystery,' if such it can be styled, for you are on the spot, in the center of authority, and with the aid and cooperation of the relatives of the distinguished subject of the memoir. I believe all that I have heard. Col. A. T. Davidson is my reliable informant. I wish you success in your enterprise."

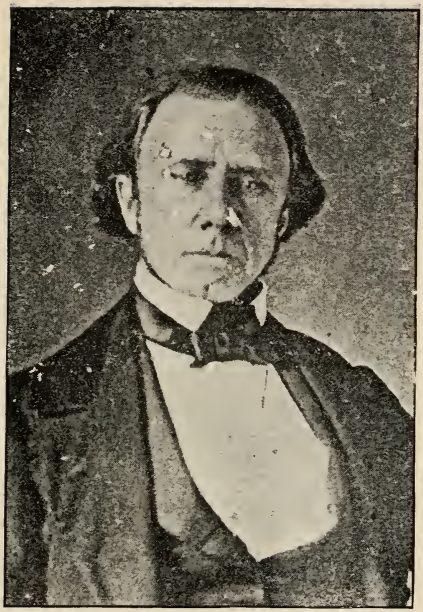
As some of the foregoing witnesses have referred to Hon. Wm. H. Thomas and Col. Allen T. Davidson, we deem it proper to briefly tell who they are.

Col. Thomas was born in Buncombe county, in a few miles of the scene of the event herein

recorded, about the year 1806. He was bereft of his father at an early age. He studied grammar between the plow-handles, looking at his book at the end of each row. He acquired large real estate possessions, and by the time he reached manhood he amassed a fortune. He got into the good graces of the Cherokee chief, Yonaguskah; was baptized by the old chief as his son and made his successor.

He lived four years in Washington and read the law of nations under John C. Calhoun. He represented his section in both branches of the State legislature. He was one of the most distinguished men of the State in his day.

Col. Allen T. Davidson is an aged and retired lawyer residing in Asheville. In the prime of life he was one of the ablest criminal lawyers in the State. He is the father of ex-Attorney-General Theo. F. Davidson. He enjoyed a most intimate acquaintance with the people who are the custodians of the Lincoln tradition, and understood it substantially as herein revealed.



COL. WM. H. THOMAS.

Orator, Politician and Financie —a Brilliant and Versatile Genius. Father-in-law of Hon. A. C. Avery ex-Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. A Contemporary of Abraham Lincoln. He was a custodian of and a believer in the Lincoln-Enloe Tradition.

CHAPTER II.

A COMPARATIVE STUDY.

The writer has been careful to accept the statements of none but persons of the highest character relative to the North Carolina tradition.

As the written or historical account of Lincoln's origin is nothing more nor less than tradition transferred to the printed page, we direct the reader to the most authentic personal biography of Mr. Lincoln in existence—that of Herndon and Weik—the former gentleman having been associated with Mr. Lincoln in the practice of the law for more than a quarter of a century. In various instances Mr. Herndon admits that Mr. Lincoln's origin, so far as he had been able to trace it, was enveloped in gloom. He even admits that in his intimate lifetime association with Mr.

Lincoln he never knew him to refer to his ancestry in his hearing but once, and that Mr. Lincoln was always painfully reticent on the subject.

Mr. Herndon does, however, go so far as to say that Mr. Lincoln divulged some fact with reference to his ancestry to a Chicago journalist by the name of Scripps, but at the same time, enjoined secrecy, and that Mr. Scripps died years ago without revealing it to any one. All that Mr. Lincoln ever said to Mr. Herndon was a few words about his maternity. Averring that Mr. Lincoln's origin and ancestry were doubtful, if not unknown, in one breath, Mr. Herndon, in the next breath, traces his origin and ancestry on either side to the third generation. This is mysterious, and can only be accounted for by the fact that the biographer was conscious that he had failed to find the real source of his illustrious subject, and his innate honesty sought ventilation in these frequent admissions.

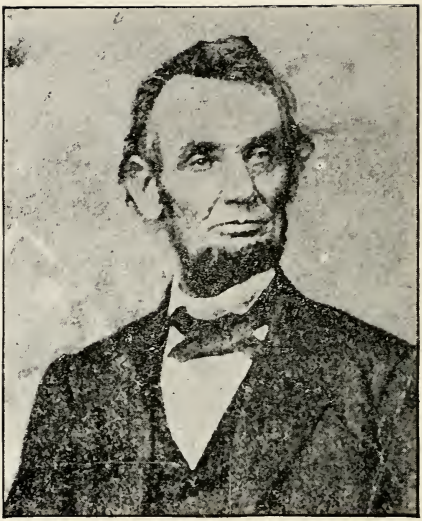
In fact, after reading Mr. Herndon's account of Mr. Lincoln's origin, so strong and recurring are the insinuations in that direction, that one is lead to think that Mr. Herndon himself knew that Thomas Lincoln was not the actual father of Abraham Lincoln. Whether Mr. Herndon knew who Lincoln's real father was, it does not concern us to say, further than that we believe he did not, and, therefore, acting the part of a close personal friend of Mr. Lincoln and his family, and at the same time endeavoring to be a true biographer, he recorded Thomas Lincoln, the reputed father of Abraham Lincoln, as his father, coupling with the record the suggestion that the public are entitled to the benefit of a grave doubt as to its truthfulness.

In Mr. Herndon's story, or, as we shall hereafter style it, the Kentucky tradition, there is presumptive evidence that Mr. Lincoln knew who his father was. In the North Carolina tradition there is direct and positive evidence

that he knew who his father was. In the Kentucky tradition there is no positive evidence that he ever revealed who his father was. In the North Carolina tradition there is positive evidence that he did reveal who his father was.

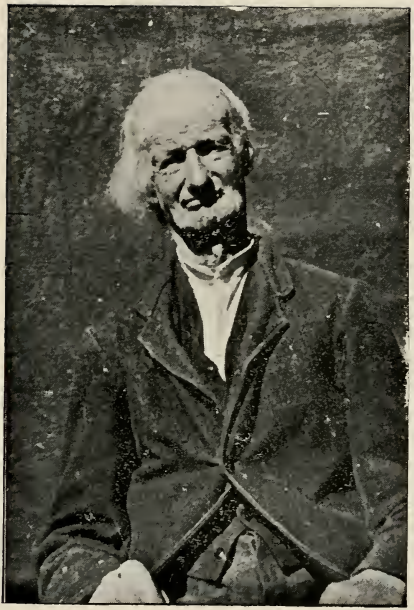
The question naturally arises with the person who is not thoroughly familiar with Mr. Lincoln's character, "Why did he withhold from the world the truth of who his father was? And if, in any case he imparted this knowledge, why was he choice in his repository of the same? Why did he charge one person with temporary secrecy, as is intimated in the case of Scripps, and to another person accompany his divulgence with no restrictions, as is plainly shown in the case of Davis? Why did he open this secret of his ancestry to comparative strangers and withhold it from his law-partner and close friend?"

Our answer to the first question is, that before Abraham Lincoln entered public life he



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Imagine the above a clean-shaven likeness, and taken coeval with the likeness of Wesley Enloe on the page opposite, and you may then get an idea of the wonderful, indefinable resemblance,



WESLEY M. ENLOE, Age 81.

was shut up in the wilderness of obscurity; there was no occasion for the world to know who his ancestors were; but when he came before the public as a leader, he very rapidly developed into an adroit politician whose ambition was boundless, and he sought encouragement and support beyond partizan lines; therefore, one of the probable reasons why he maintained so studious a silence on the question of his origin might have been the politic one.

In answer to the second question, Abraham Lincoln was a man of the nicest discriminating sense, and he never lost an opportunity to use this rare endowment to promote, in an honorable way, his personal interest. He was the candidate of the anti-slavery party for president. He told Mr. Scripps, the official representative of a great anti-slavery journal, personally, who his father was, but forbade further publication of the matter, because his sagacity suggested, for reasons that are obvious, that silence, in that quarter, would be golden.

He explained to Mr. Davis, who was not a newspaper correspondent nor a politician, but a plain citizen and voter, on the eve of the latter's visit to his old home in North Carolina, that he was of southern extraction; that his right name was Enloe, but that he had always gone by the name of his stepfather. Davis was going to the south; to a democratic, pro-slavery State, to the home of Mr. Lincoln's traditional ancestors, and the shrewd presidential candidate knew that a little proud though quiet reminder by Davis at the distant south could not possibly impair his prospects for success.

In answer to the last question, Mr. Lincoln withheld himself, as to his origin, from Mr. Herndon, doubtless for the same reason that he refused to invest one of his greatest generals with an important mission on a certain occasion.

This seeming incongruousness of character and conduct in Mr. Lincoln was one of his marked individualities. This will be better

understood, and we are quite certain the reader's credence will be strengthened in the probability of Mr. Lincoln's exercising this characteristic on certain occasions, when it is learned what a very distinguished authority has said of this very phase of Mr. Lincoln's character. The reader may then see how easy it was for him to reveal who his father was to Scripps and Davis and not even to Herndon or any one else so far as is known.

We quote from the biography of Lincoln by the great and learned Dr. Holland:

"The fact was that he rarely showed more than one aspect of himself to one man. He opened himself to men in different directions."

The Kentucky tradition has it that Thomas Lincoln was married to Nancy Hanks in 1806. The North Carolina tradition says that Nancy Hanks lived in the home of Abraham Enloe in the early part of the century—one witness says about the year 1805; another says from

about 1803 to 1808. The traditional testimony establishes the fact that it was at the dawn of the century.

Mr. Herndon produces the Lincoln family record purporting to have been taken originally from the Lincoln family Bible. It shows to have been badly mutilated. The record has much the appearance of having been written consecutively and at one sitting. It is in the even handwriting of Mr. Lincoln's mature, professional years. It is, therefore, unknown how and when these dates, twenty-one in all, covering a period of sixty-three years, were furnished. A plausible way of accounting for this record may be seen in this simple surmise:

Some time in the early fifties, certainly after the death of Mr. Lincoln's reputed father, for the latter event is recorded among the last in the same handwriting, out of respect for the people with whom he had come up, Mr. Lincoln paid a visit to his step-

mother's, in Coles county, and stepping into a bookstore on leaving Springfield, he purchased a family Bible, containing a place for a record, with which to present his old stepmother, for whom it is said he entertained a tender feeling. This indeed would have been a very appropriate and touching memento of the occasion of his first visit after his reputed father's death. Then it was that the family record, as reproduced by Mr. Herndon, was penned down by Mr. Lincoln from his own memory aided by that of his stepmother. A most striking evidence of the probable correctness of this surmise may be seen in the completeness of the record of the members of the family of his stepmother and the marked incompleteness of the records of Thomas Lincoln, Nancy Hanks, and Mr. Lincoln's alleged full sister. The birth of neither Thomas Lincoln nor Nancy Hanks is recorded. Why the birth of Mr. Lincoln's mother is left out is a mystery when, accord-

ing to Mr. Herndon, it must have been well known. He gives her age, at the time of her marriage to Thomas Lincoln, as twenty-three.

Again the Kentucky tradition has it that there was a daughter born to Thomas and Nancy Lincoln in 1807, before Abraham, whom it records as first seeing the light 12th February, 1809. But there is a serious discrepancy here which Mr. Lincoln's biographers have not been able to reconcile.

Nicolay and Hay, the latter our late ambassador to England and present Secretary of State, both of whom were very intimate with Mr. Lincoln, say that this sister's name was Nancy and contend that such was her real name. Mr. Herndon contends persistently that her name was Sarah and that the family knew her by that name. Her name appears of record in the family Bible as Nancy. Mr. Herndon surmises that the record was torn away down to the word Nancy and that the name was intended for that of

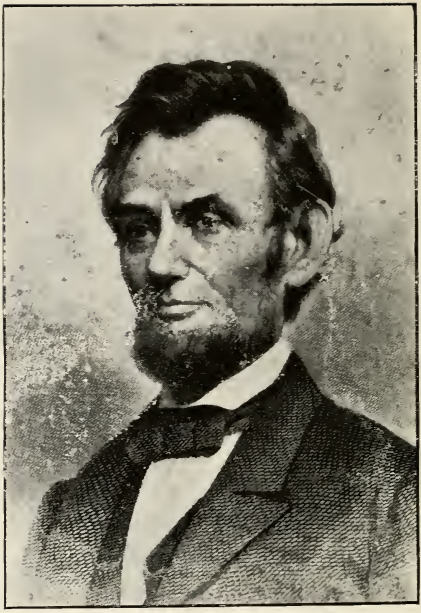
the President's mother. There is no evidence that Mr. Lincoln ever paid any attention to this alleged sister. There was another Sarah in the family, daughter of Thomas Lincoln's second wife by her first husband. Mr. Lincoln's alleged full sister is said not to have resembled him in stature, being short and thick-set.

It is hard to imagine such stolid indifference and cold neglect on the part of such a man as Abraham Lincoln for an only sister—the nearest relative he had in the world. But such is the statement of his biographer. She was only two years his senior. At an early age Lincoln began to dream of his future; as he grew older it seems that he would certainly become interested in this sister, and like Webster who helped to educate his brother, and Davy Crockett who worked off his father's debts, have striven to bring her up to a position of respectability in society equal with the best of her class; if he had failed in

this ambition, and, as his biographer intimates, this failure had been followed by her misfortune, it had impressed the world more favorably and deeply if his historian had said something like this: "Throughout her brief though sad career, from childhood to the grave, this only sister of Abraham Lincoln was followed by him, through evil as well as good report, with unremitting interest and tender solicitude."

It was not in Abraham Lincoln's humane, manly heart to have been even careless of the welfare of an only sister. To this, as to his own origin as detailed by his biographer, there is attached a mystery. Lincoln, young though he was when his melancholy mother died, was wise—he had been lead, doubtless by none other person save Nancy Hanks, through these dim paths into the light.

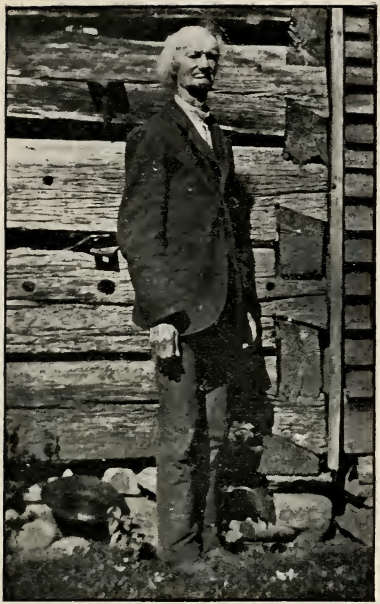
A thorough examination of the Bible record, and the biography by Herndon alongside that by Nicolay and Hay, shows plainly that there



A. LINCOLN.

TRADITIONAL SON OF ABRAM ENLOE.

Imagine this side-view of Mr. Lincoln placed side by side with that of Wesley Enloe at corresponding ages, and both clean-faced, and you will have their resemblance in another position.



WESLEY ENLOE

AT THE AGE OF 81. SON OF ABRAHAM ENLOE.

The most striking similarity between Mr. Lincoln and Wesley Enloe is their physical formation and characteristics, and therefore not to be seen because of the absence of comparative standing likenesses.

is something mysterious and inexplicable in connection with this alleged sister.

A painstaking comparison of the North Carolina and Kentucky traditions will show but little discord relative to the probable date of Mr. Lincoln's birth and that of the marriage of Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln. The North Carolina tradition does not pretend to fix the date of Nancy Hanks's leaving Abraham Enloe's. It is no more definite than the early, very early, years of the century. Some of the witnesses do go so far as to say that Abraham Enloe came from Rutherford to Buncombe about the year 1805, and that Nancy Hanks came with him.

There is no conflict here as to the birth of Mr. Lincoln or the marriage of his mother, for Abraham Enloe's coming to Western North Carolina might have been a few years earlier, as another competent witness says about 1803. Mr. Herndon says the Washington county, Kentucky, records show that the marriage took place in 1806.

Passing the alleged birth of the whole (?) sister as too mysterious to admit of human intermeddling, except to invite the reader to investigate for himself, we pass to the advent of our illustrious subject. The family record has it that Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809.

It is a fact of history that, at the time of the marriage of Thomas Lincoln to Nancy Hanks the former could neither read nor write, and while it is intimated that the latter could do both, it is extremely doubtful. Every whit of history and tradition in regard to this particular personage is agreed that she was, almost from her infancy, without any one who would have cared a fig whether she learned the alphabet. Moreover, it would have been the most natural thing in the world for Nancy Hanks to drift along in the woods without a thought of beginning a family record, even if she could have written, until after the lapse of more than a decade, perhaps, and the quarrels

between Thomas Lincoln and the Enloes, as our tradition testifies, coupled with the ever-present reminder of the name, engendered in the heart of Thomas Lincoln a lasting hatred. One might guess, and hit it, that the record which should have read February 12th, 1806, was made to read February 12th, 1809. Let this be as it may, there is no question as to the fact that this family record of Abraham Lincoln's birth is pure matter of tradition. There is no evidence that it was ever made matter of record in the family of Lincoln's reputed parents until 1851, and then the only chance to get it done was for Lincoln to do it himself. Verily, who can say that Abraham Lincoln was not the architect of his own fortune?

If one should say that, after reading the accounts of the utter barrenness and misery of Thomas Lincoln's home, for such is the record, and the perfect worthlessness of Thomas himself, one could not imagine such things as pencil and paper, far less pen and ink and

family record, placed there by Thomas's hands, or at his behest, there need be no cause for surprise. Indeed, if the historical account of Thomas Lincoln, the reputed father of the great president, be true, it is exceedingly uncertain whether he worried over so small a thing as the advent of a child into the world, particularly if it were not his child. It is equally doubtful whether the poor, sad-hearted Nancy Hanks, brooding her life away in the thick gloom of a dirty hovel, ever entertained so delightful a fancy as that of possessing a family record.

Mr. Lincoln himself, according to his biographers, accepted the 12th February, 1809, as the time of his coming into the world. But in this Abraham Lincoln, no doubt, found himself in a place somewhat like that in which Zeb Vance once discovered himself.

Vance was a candidate for the legislature from Buncombe and his competitor, who was much his senior, objected, among other points,

MISS ELIZA ENLOE.

Daughter of Wesley M. Enloe, and Traditional Niece of Abraham Lincoln.

to Vance's youthfulness. In his reply Zeb, in a very apologetic air, united with the most affected urbanity of manner, said: "Fellow citizens, I would cheerfully have been born earlier, if it had been in my power, but my father and mother gave me no earthly chance about the matter. I humbly beg pardon, therefore, and will try and do better next time." Mr. Lincoln knew very little more about this event of his life than did Zeb Vance about the similar event of his.

Passing a great number of expressions in Mr. Lincoln's biography by Messrs. Herndon and Weik, we come to another which we cannot forbear to notice in this running comparative review of the North Carolina and Kentucky traditions.

Mr. Herndon says he called upon Mr. Lincoln's stepmother after the death of Thomas Lincoln and the assassination of the president. The express purpose of his visit was to obtain data for his prospective biography of Mr. Lincoln. Of course the very first thing he did

was to endeavor to find out all he could about Mr. Lincoln's parents. This old lady was very communicative until Mr. Herndon came to Nancy Hanks, the president's mother, and her predecessor in the Lincoln household, and here she was mournfully mum. What was there associated with the inoffensive name of Nancy that caused this old lady to exercise such significant reticence? We say inoffensive name, because the president's mother had been dead forty-six years, and could not come near the second Mrs. Lincoln. Could it possibly have been a false sense of virtue or a deeply respectful regard for Abraham Lincoln, or something less exemplary in this old lady that caused her to withold her knowledge of Nancy Hanks which was undoubtedly extensive and valuable, from Lincoln's historian? Could it have been that this successor of Nancy Hanks, who, in her early life, had lived in the same neighborhood in Kentucky in which it occurred, and who, before that, had been Tom Lincoln's sweetheart, was perfectly familiar

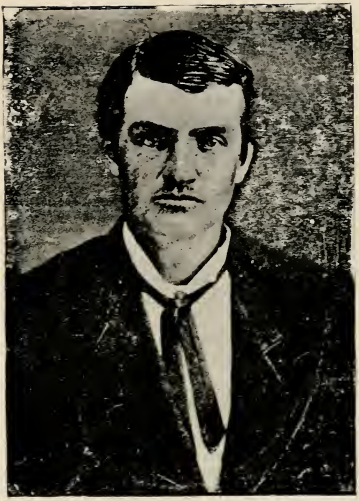
with the event herein related by three generations of as good people as North Carolina affords? What was there about Nancy Hanks's life that she needs must decline to talk about or to impart to one who is entitled to all the facts? Here is another unsolved and unsolvable mystery, should it devolve upon the Kentucky tradition to do the solving. We leave it to the reader to say whether the North Carolina tradition furnishes the key to it.

The Kentucky tradition verifies ours when it says that at a very early age Nancy Hanks was taken from her mother and sent to live with some of her worthless relatives. Nancy Hanks herself, according to the biographer, was a spurious child, and doubtless never saw her father, and, being forced from her mother at a very early age, virtually became an orphan. The North Carolina tradition says she was an orphan girl. In the face of this fact one can see how probable it is that Nancy Hanks, at a very tender age for one of her sex,

rambled into the world, and just as she was passing into young womanhood made her way to North Carolina and at last into the home of Abraham Enloe.

Was there any particular and plausible reason why she should have drifted toward North Carolina and the house of Abraham Enloe? At that early time there was a steady stream of emigrants, travelers, horse-drovers and visitors flowing back and forth between Western North Carolina and Kentucky. It was an easy thing for a person to obtain company and means of transportation, by watching the chances, from one of these sections to the other. The special reason why Nancy Hanks might have made Abraham Enloe's home, in particular, her destination might have been the fact that members of the Enloe family lived at that time in Kentucky, and in her immediate circle of acquaintance.

Realizing that she was alone in the world, Nancy Hanks decided to seek a new home



ROBERT WALKER ENLOE.

Son of Wesley Enloe and Traditional Nephew of Abraham Lincoln. Compare this likeness with the Frontispiece in Herndon's Lincoln, 2d Vol,

among strangers away from the touch of her worthless relatives, and begin the battle of life anew and on her own responsibility. Making known her resolve to some of the Kentucky Enloes, or having it suggested to her by some of them, she was accordingly directed to the Kentucky Enloes' North Carolina kinsman; and seeking and availing herself of the first opportunity, Nancy put her resolution into effect, and soon found herself in the respectable and happy home of Abraham Enloe, of Rutherford first and afterward Buncombe county, North Carolina. That she lived in his Buncombe home there is not the shadow of doubt.

That the Enloes lived among the Hankses and Lincolns in Kentucky, both traditions are agreed and positive.

According to the biographical description, Abraham Lincoln did no more resemble Thomas Lincoln, his reputed father, than did the rankest stranger, either physically or intellectually. The only prominent character-

istics which he inherited from Nancy Hanks were his slender form and melancholy temperament. This melancholy itself in Lincoln and his mother may be accounted for in the unhappy step the latter was lead to take in the Carolina mountains.

We recommend to the reader a serious parallel study of these two traditions. The subject of Mr. Lincoln's paternal origin has engaged the time and attention of some of the most distinguished men of our country, and, in every instance the result of their investigations, owing to their never having gotten hold of the true thread of his beginning, has only been to elicit increased wonder and speculation—wonder because of the seemingly impenetrable mystery that settled about so tall a figure in our history. Even Jesus of Nazareth, the world's example of lowliness, had the authority of heaven for his paternal origin and an intelligent carpenter for his earthly ward, but if we are to accept the story of Lincoln's pater-

nal ancestor, as told by his biographers, *he* had neither.

But if we shall believe the disinterested accounts of as honorable and trustworthy citizens as North Carolina contains, handed down to them by as good men and women as the early half of the nineteenth century produced, some of the mist will hereafter not hover around the true paternal origin of Abraham Lincoln, and there will be opened a new and sunnier avenue in which the honest and generous student of American history's most remarkable man may confidently walk.

CHAPTER III.

ABE LINCOLN'S HALF-BROTHER.

Wesley M. Enloe is now eighty-seven years of age. He is six feet high. When he was in the prime of life he was taller. His build is slender with the appearance of toughness and sinewiness. His shoulders are narrow and somewhat rounded at the points. He is thin from chest to back. He stands almost erect, and his head, when standing or sitting, assumes an attitude indicative of firmness and decision. His hands and fingers are large and long, and his arms and legs are long and skeleton-looking. His legs, in length, are out of proportion to his body. His neck is long; face lean; forehead high and slightly sloping; his nose is large and straight and his mouth is prominent—the underlip large and protruding. His head will require about a number seven and one-eighth hat. His walk and various body pos-

turings are inimitable. We shall desist from entering into a description of them for the simple reason that one who is familiar with Abraham Lincoln will say that we have purloined his physical idiosyncrasies. The truth is that the two men are so much alike that one hesitates to presume upon the much-abused credulity of mankind by a faithful portrayal of the personal and bodily characteristics of Wesley Enloe, where Mr. Lincoln is well known, and feels constrained to cry out, with Philip of old: "Come and see."

His address is plain, extremely unassuming and deferential, and one is soon at ease in his company. He has lived his whole life at the old homestead. He is well known over his own and adjoining counties. His character is beyond reproach, and it makes the western hillside of his life sunny and serene. He has always been an influential, well-to-do farmer, whose judgment has safely been deferred to by his neighbors in matters of common sense.

The cuts of him here presented were made from poor kodaks, taken whenhe was eighty-one and eighty-eight years of age, after, by course of nature, he had lost much of his manly vigor. There was no other likeness of him in existence. A cut made from a good photograph, or from a portrait when he was fifty, would have answered the purpose of its appearing here more satisfactorily and fairly.

We asked Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, who are now in possession of Herndon's Lincoln, to kindly allow us to use the frontispiece of their first volume as a comparative likeness with that of Wesley Enloe, but they courteously declined to comply with our request. The likeness of Mr. Lincoln here referred to presents him clean shaven, and would have served our purpose of comparison better than any representation of him of which we have any knowledge. But with what we have it will not require an expert to detect the striking resemblance.

We also asked Messrs. Appleton & Co. to allow us to use a few passages from Herndon & Weik's biography on condition of credit to the book, but they respectfully declined in this also. We have therefore been studiously careful not to quote a single one of that biography's misgivings (for such is one's feeling as he reads it) as to whether Mr. Lincoln really had a paternal ancestor.

We have, however, briefly compared the misty, winterish chapter of that book on Mr. Lincoln's origin with our tradition, from what we had assimilated by reading it. We recommend to the reader who desires seriously to inquire into our tradition, as well as to study judiciously the life of a truly great one among many of earth's so-called great men, the biography of Abraham Lincoln by Messrs. Herndon & Weik.

But to recur to the subject of personal resemblance: We shall ask that the personal experience of one out of scores of similar experi-

ences may suffice to convey to you some idea of the remarkable physical likeness which Wesley M. Enloe bears to Abraham Lincoln, and the force with which it strikes even a casual observer:

"In 1894 Mr. Theodore Harris, of San Antonio, Texas, a cultured gentleman, was stopping in my town. He had heard the Lincoln tradition, and was thoroughly acquainted with the personal characteristics of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Harris and myself made a trip up the Ocona Lufta river on a fishing and hunting expedition. Passing up the river, as we were nearing Mr. Wesley Enloe's place, we saw a man coming on foot down the road toward us. Before we were quite near enough to discern his features, Mr. Harris, in an animated but half-suppressed manner, pointed in the direction of the man and said: 'That is Mr. Enloe of whom I have heard—the alleged half-brother of Lincoln,' or words to that effect. Sure enough, on coming up to him, we found

that it was Wesley Enloe, for I had met him before. I confessed to Mr. Harris that I had never before witnessed so remarkable an incident. He explained to me, as well as I can now recall his words, that 'the personal resemblance of Wesley Enloe to Abraham Lincoln flashed upon him like a revelation.'"

SION T. EARLY.

Dillsboro, N. C., Jan. 9, 1899.

Mr. Early is an intelligent gentleman of unquestioned veracity. Mr. Harris lives in San Antonio, Texas.

A RECAPITULATION.

I am aware that in the heading of this chapter I have made a seemingly bold venture. The "half-brother" is not the son of Nancy Hanks by her second husband, for she was not married twice; he is not the son of Thomas Lincoln by his second wife, for his name is Enloe; his native State is North Carolina and not Kentucky. How, then, can he be Lincoln's half-brother? Only in this way: A native of North Carolina is the father of Abraham Lincoln, and not Thomas Lincoln, of Kentucky. Have I slandered the great Lincoln? Have I slandered the nation? Let the facts speak:

First.—The tradition exists; you have read the evidence in the foregoing chapter.

Second.—The silence of history. Search his biographies and you are convinced. Do not

depend on isolated paragraphs from school histories not written in Kentucky nor Illinois. Why this silence?

Third.—A striking physical resemblance of the "half-brother" to Mr. Lincoln. I say "striking," because it has overcome high Lincolnian prejudice and forced conviction.

I shall give the experience of a gentleman, thoroughly trustworthy and competent, substantially as he gave it to me. It has the greater weight because it comes from a gentleman who, from my conference with him, I found wished the mist cleared away from Mr. Lincoln's paternity.

I cannot give his exact words and have not obtained permission to give his name; and so presume upon the reader's confidence in my veracity. However, I will here engage that if I am challenged I will promptly call on the gentleman in question to speak for himself.

He said he visited the home of Wesley Enloe, and spent the night. As was his wont he

made a study of the former's physiognomy, though he had no case to make out. He said that Mr. Enloe did not suggest Lincoln. On returning to his home he was examining a description of a statue of Lincoln in one of the leading magazines, and paused to study the representation—it suggested Wesley Enloe, and the resemblance carried conviction. On inquiring more carefully into the tradition, his conviction was confirmed.

You say he would not have detected the resemblance if he had not first heard the tradition. But detecting the resemblance is different from being convicted by it. The observer was loath to believe the fact the resemblance proved.

The skeptic will further object that the resemblance is simply a coincidence. But the uniqueness of the coincidence is his misfortune. It is a coincidence on one side of which is a tradition authenticated by the most valid testimony, and on the other side the most re-

markable silence of history; a silence incredible if the tradition is apocryphal, for no other voice has ever been heard. One note of history would drown the alleged slander; but it has not been heard.

Are the tradition and the silence a coincidence?

It cannot be said that this physical resemblance was the beginning of the tradition, for the tradition existed before it was known, according to the testimony.

It cannot be said that the story causes men to imagine there is a resemblance; skeptics do not possess imaginations of such convenience. The country is full of close observers whose judgment cannot be affected by an idle story, whatever their prejudice may be.

Fourth.—Clear, positive testimony. I need not recite the evidence bearing on the fact that a young woman named Nancy Hanks was the mother of an illegitimate child by Abraham Enloe, and that she was conveyed to Kentucky,

either before or shortly after the birth of the child; you read the evidence in Chapter I.

If the evidence stopped here I should not feel myself vindicated against the charge of slander.

There might have been another Nancy Hanks.

But take the testimony of Mr. Joe Collins of Clyde, N. C., a man of unquestioned veracity; it runs as follows: He was in Texas; Judge Gilmore told him that he was raised in the community of Nancy Hanks, and she had a boy named Abraham. She married Tom Lincoln, a whisky distiller, and the boy took his name. He was about six years older than Abraham, but went to school with him, and he was the brightest boy in the community.

Now this testimony, saying nothing of the rest, must be gotten out of the way before I am a slanderer.

No one can reasonably doubt that Mr. Collins received these statements from a man who

represented himself to him as Judge Gilmore. Now it devolves upon my prosecutor to do one of the following things:

First, to prove that no such man as Judge Gilmore spent his boyhood in the community with young Lincoln and his mother, and that Mr. Collins has been deceived. Establish it in this way. Go, or send a representative to the community, and let the most diligent and general inquiry be made, and if nobody remembers a boy in that section (unless all the old people are dead, or gone from there, who remember young Lincoln) named Gilmore, old enough to have been Lincoln's schoolmate, and later left for Texas, or elsewhere, then we give up that part of the testimony. Mr. Collins has been deceived. But if it is remembered that a boy named Gilmore grew up in that community about the age of Lincoln, and removed, the next thing to arrive at is that he did not go to Texas, as far as the people know. His kinsfolk can tell you, or some of the old

neighbors. If it is remembered that he lived there at the time designated, and went to Texas, the same people will know whether he was a judge. If they do, the next thing to do is to establish the fact that he was not reliable. Few men reach the bench who are not reliable. The old people in the community of his boyhood can give you his character there. The people of the town in Texas where he resided can tell you whether he was a man of veracity. If he succeeds here Mr. Collins's testimony is lost. If he fails the next thing to do is to produce a second Nancy Hanks who was married to a second Thomas Lincoln, and who also had a boy named Abraham. If he fails in one of these things I am vindicated: if he succeeds in any one of them I am not convicted there is other testimony.

The positive character of the testimony in North Carolina and the wide-spread and ineradicable conviction as to its truthfulness, and the suspicious silence of biography put the

burden upon my prosecutor to make general, painstaking and impartial investigation on the scene of Lincoln's boyhood, and show that there is nothing in the "Nancy Hanks" story. Here he has the same disadvantages. This would seem to be my disadvantage, but it is his, in fact.

Kentucky naturally aspires to the honor of producing the great Lincoln; hence an insuperable reticence. The world will understand. But the retort may be made that in North Carolina the same aspiration, in some cases and the memory of the late unpleasantness in others, cause an undue readiness to ventilate the tradition. When you seek to obtain written statements you will find the retort of no great weight. It is too early for a Kentucky investigator to give in his experience. There is no readiness on the part of any one in North Carolina to ventilate the tradition.

The contention of some of Mr. Lincoln's

biographers is that, as we have noticed elsewhere, Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks had a daughter older than Abraham, and that ends it. If this be so, there are two Nancy Hankses. For Abraham Enloe had some communication with one in Kentucky, who had a child by him named Abraham. It is a little unlikely that two women named Nancy Hanks would each have a son named Abraham, but it could have happened. Did it happen? The existence of the Nancy with a daughter older than her Abraham is *absolutely without proof.*

The record in the family Bible cannot be relied on. One biographer thinks the oldest daughter's name is mutilated. Some say her name was one thing, some another. Lincoln was utterly indifferent toward this sister. Could she have been akin to him? Those who persist in apotheosizing him had better say no. There is positive proof that Thomas Lincoln's second wife had a daughter named

Sarah. The record was not made till 1851, in Lincoln's own handwriting. He could not afford to distinguish between the two sets of children. Would he be likely to leave out of the record his stepmother's daughter by her first husband? There is doubt about the first "Nancy" having the daughter older than her Abraham. The absence of positive proof of the older daughter's existence and an unlikely coincidence jeopardize the existence of the first "Nancy."

But we know that the second "Nancy"—the North Carolina one—did exist and went to Kentucky under a cloud; had a son named Abraham.

Am I convicted? Not till the investigation is made, as above suggested, and none are found who know a fact which points clearly in the direction of Abraham Lincoln's illegitimate ancestry. As long as there remains a circumstance that suggests doubt, I am not convicted. It will be easier for the skeptic

to abuse than disabuse. If the testimony of Mr. Joe Collins is not demolished and the Kentucky investigator reports adversely,—and I await results,—we have a case clear as second-hand human evidence can make it.

Do Abraham Lincoln's historians tell the truth when they aver that, after diligent search where they were most likely to find, they are unable to satisfy themselves or even to say with assurance who Mr. Lincoln's father was? Does any other State or locality in this country or elsewhere, lay claim to Lincoln's father beside North Carolina? Does Kentucky herself lay serious claim to his paternal origin. "Of what ancestry we know not," says Mr. Watterson. Does North Carolina say who Abraham Lincoln's father was? Are old, distinguished citizens, for example Col. Davis and Judge Gilmore, truthful? Are three generations of North Carolinians truthful? Is the phenomenal physical likeness of Wesley Enloe, Lincoln's traditional half-brother,

walking side by side with and, like a sturdy staff, supporting the North Carolina tradition, convincing and conclusive?

Reader, answer these questions, and say whether henceforth there is any doubt that Abraham Enloe, a strong, intelligent, leading North Carolina pioneer, was the great war president's father.

CHAPTER IV.

ABRAHAM ENLOE.

Abraham Enloe, the traditional father of Abraham Lincoln, was the son of Gilbert Enloe, and was born in York district, South Carolina. The first of his American forebears came from Scotland about the middle of the seventeenth century. They landed first in Maryland, but subsequently moved to South Carolina, where they settled. They were school-teachers.

Abraham's father, being a man of more than ordinary mental endowment, the son received the rudiments of a good education. On coming of age he stepped from under his father's roof into the world to seek his fortune.

As a boy he was obedient and industrious and had made the most of his father's splendid tuition. He was, therefore, well equipped

for one of his day for the struggle for life. He was of an excellent temper and judgment while yet a youth. He illustrated these in his choice of a country and clime in which to exercise his vigorous young faculties, as well as in the selection of a wife to share with him in their fruitions.

He sought a home first in Rutherford county, N. C., where he became acquainted with a Miss Egerton, a young lady of intellect and culture and a member of one of the best families in that section of the State. Their acquaintance at once ripened into genuine affection, and they were married and settled down to farming.

While a citizen of Rutherford county he established a reputation for uprightness of character which is still recalled with pride by his neighbors, and which followed him to his new home and throughout his life.

About the year 1803 or 1805, while early settlers were "staking their claims" further

west, Abraham Enloe emigrated from Rutherford county and stopped on the Ocona Lufta, at the base of the Great Smoky mountains in Buncombe county.

In the settlement of his new home he encountered the usual difficulties of the pioneer. His granddaughter, a Mrs. Floyd, a bright and entertaining woman, said she remembered hearing her grandfather recount his experiences in coming to, and while trying to establish himself on, Ocona Lufta. The journey from Rutherford over great mountains and across dangerous streams was fraught with labor and peril. They were often compelled to improvise causeways for creeks and rivers, or to construct breastworks and dig wider the ways of the more primitive adventurer along the almost perpendicular mountain sides. When they had thus reached the summit of the high mountains, so steep was the descent, that they were obliged to tie good bits of trees to the rear ends of their wagons to prevent

stampeding the teams. It was not infrequent that, because of the absence of any way save a deer or Indian trail, they packed their effects piecemeal on their backs over formidable mountains.

He was, however, fortunate in the choice of a stopping place. The Ocona Lufta is in the center of the highlands of the South, midway between the Hiawassa, Tennessee, and Nantahala on the one side, and the Tuckuseegih, French Broad and Swannanoa on the other.

It was a land to make the heart of the strong man grow stronger. The soil was rich. The trees were original. The air was pure, the water was crystal, and the forests were alive with a very great variety of birds and animals. It was a land whose star was not wormwood, but bright hope.

The only neighbors that were near to him after he had built his house were three families who had accompanied him from Rutherford, and the Cherokee Indians, in the heart of whose region he was.

There were other white families living within a distance of from twelve to fifty miles. A settlement in those days embraced a circuit of from twelve to fifteen miles, and was made up of as many families. It was such a settlement as this of which Abraham Enloe was the central figure and benefactor. In obedience to an ancient custom of mankind, each society or neighborhood, however small, must have its leading spirit and par-excellence adviser. Particularly must this needs be the practice of a community where the frequent hostilities of aboriginals, whose grievance is by no means imaginary, must be met. The common interest must be healthful and steadfast.

Abraham Enloe built his house in a fertile valley overlooking the Ocona Lufta, whose banks in summer are a continuous string of bouquets—Rhododendron, ivy and honeysuckle—to this day. It is an incident worthy of note, here, that this house is still standing, but slightly remodeled; and has been in four coun-

ties without being removed from its original foundations. It is a typical pioneer abode. One large log house with doors in either side directly opposite each other, and a chimney at one end built of natural boulders, with a remarkably wide fireplace.

A sure reminder of the brotherhood of the frontier community was the uniform nature of the settler's habitation. The style and value of the houses were as near the same as primitive ingenuity and limited resources could make them. No envy rose in the breast of the pioneer because of striking contrasts. The cabin did not droop and shiver in the shadow of the palace. Every man that crossed the settler's threshold crossed it like a knight.

Notwithstanding Abraham Enloe was generally absorbed in the more serious concerns of life, he found time for the then profitable diversion of hunting. The long-barreled flintlock was ever "picked and primed" for emergency use. The haunts of the deer, bear, and

wild turkey were just outside his enclosure, and many are the thrilling stories of delightful sport in which he was always joined by some of his neighbors. On his broad doorstep and about the clean yard sat or slumbered long-eared deerhounds, watchful curs or surly mastiffs. Each of these bided patiently his call to dinner or duty, and all were indispensable in their respective spheres as followers of the chase, guards of the plantation and protectors of the home.

Returning once from the home of Hon. Felix Walker, whose place was west of the settlement a distance of fifty miles, Mrs. Enloe was amused to see her husband alight from his horse, across whose withers was a white bag, either end of which was strangely animate. Her wonder was turned to ridicule when she learned that the queer sack contained four fine deerhound puppies, the gift of the clever congressman. The pioneer would almost as readily have given up his rifle as his dogs. The

keen solicitude which the settlers felt and manifested for these noble animals and the tender attachment which they in turn made known to their masters in their heroic rencounters with savage beasts and more savage men, appeal to our highest sensibilities. Their estimation was shared by men, women and children, and this, no doubt, helped to tie the Gordian knot of good neighborhood.

Abraham Enloe owned the best, and at first the only, horses in the neighborhood. He greatly valued these splendid animals, as well for their beauty as utility, and allowed nothing to go undone that would make them appear to the best advantage.

He was by profession a farmer, and early set a progressive pace for his neighbors in his chosen calling. He also possessed the only forge and blacksmith tools in the settlement, with which he kept in repair the farming implements of himself and neighbors.

There were no stores, and the nearest mar-

kets to which the settlement had access were Augusta, Ga., and Charleston, S. C. To these places, distant hundreds of miles, over the roughest of country and rudest of way, the settler hauled his produce or drove his live stock, which he eagerly exchanged for the necessities of civilized life.

Abraham Enloe possessed the only wagon in the settlement, and this served to transport, at one trip, the salt, powder and domestic consumed by the entire settlement a twelvemonth. Learning, on a certain occasion, that the settlement's meager supply of salt was exhausted, he harnessed his team, collected a few choice steers from his herd, and started for Augusta, Ga., where a fresh supply of this indispensable was procured, not only for himself, but for each of his neighbors.

He was a justice of the peace, an office of no little dignity in primitive times, and he was implicitly turned to as the final arbiter in adjusting differences between his neighbors. He

was the trusted adviser of the politicians, great and small of his party, with whom he came in contact. The relations existing between himself and the Hon. Felix Walker, the first member of Congress from the Buncombe district, were the most cordial and intimate.

It was this same Felix Walker, a discreet leader of frontiersmen, who, while delivering himself of legislative responsibility, in a speech of some length in the House of Representatives, and observing what he construed to be an expression of weariness on the face of the Speaker and members, raised himself to his full height and assured them that he was aware of the fact that he had spoken at some length; that what he was saying might not interest them, but that it was his firm resolve to continue until he had done, and then, with reassured emphasis, he said: "Mr. Speaker, I wish the gentlemen of this House to understand that I am speaking for Buncombe!" Thus originated the phrase "speaking for Buncombe."

The house of Abraham Enloe was headquarters for the gospel. The pioneer preacher, no matter his creed, found there a warm welcome and partook of his hospitalities without the semblance of grudge.

Public worship was one of the strongest bonds of these early communities. At a period too early for the log church they came, for many miles, to the house of some prominent settler to an annual or semi-annual appointment of such men as brave old Cartwright or the brilliant Bascom. To them worship was not a mere diversion. It was a solemn responsibility and means of power that must be seriously regarded. Earnestness fitted them like a garment. They came to the place appointed for worship, if it was the mild season, in their shirt-sleeves, with their rifles on their shoulders. They were the synonym of simplicity, and every declaration based upon a straight interpretation of the Bible they accepted eagerly and without question.

With them there were few base coins; most were ringing bright gold. From them have sprung, like wheat from a virgin soil, the harvest of heroic men, whose mission it is to meet and turn aside the wild, babbling stream of innovation which now and then threatens to mingle its noxious floods with the old abiding river of human progress.

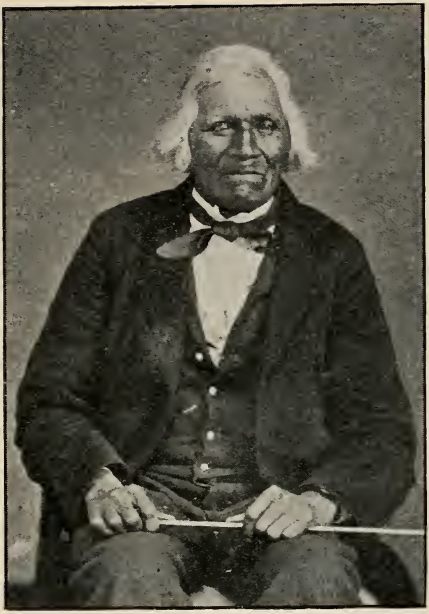
Abraham Enloe's house was often converted into a settlement sanctuary. It was little more than a half-dozen miles from his house to the capital of the Cherokees. His policy toward these children of the forest was benevolence—the true neighbor; while white men of other settlements often provoked a "hurrying to and fro" upon the war-path, Abraham Enloe and his dusky neighbors snugly reclined in the bosom of peace.

Abraham Enloe was a man of great conservatism and judgment. There was no rashness in his nature. He, therefore, sought, among the first things after settling in West-

ern Carolina, to establish a permanent friendship between himself and the Chief and most influential men of the Cherokees. He ever enjoyed the respect and confidence of the band, and his relations with the two chiefs, Yonaguskah and Sawinookih, were the most intimate and pleasant.

It was indeed fortunate for Abraham Enloe and his neighbors that they were contemporaries of such dynasties as those of Yonaguskah and Sawinookih. These chiefs were both men of great natural ability, especially Yonaguskah. He was pronounced by a competent judge, who knew both well, the intellectual peer of John C. Calhoun.

The following story, as told by Colonel W. H. Thomas, who was an eye-witness, will serve to illustrate the superstitious wisdom of this old Chief: The Cherokees, like most men of their race who come too near the blessed influence of Caucasian civilization, became addicted to strong drink. Yonaguskah, though



SAWINOOKIH.

The First Chief Cherokees, in His Old Age and in Civilian Apparel.

himself an occasional victim of its subtle embraces, determined upon the prohibition of strong drink among his entire band. Suddenly he fell into a stupor. So deep and mysterious was his slumbers that the whole town heard of it. They came flocking to his side and looked long and sadly upon him and decided that he was dead. In agony they waited for the return of their venerable Chief to his senses and his wondrous walks and ways. But no sign of life appeared, and over a thousand of his faithful children determined, in deep sorrow, to celebrate their ancient and impressive rite of funeral and sepulture. Forming in single file they danced around the prostrate Chief, mumbling their weird death-chant.

Suddenly, in the midst of the solemn performance, Yonaguskah arose, and standing in their midst with the inspiration of a prophet and majesty of a king, told them that he had been translated to the "happy hunting-

grounds," and that while there he had communed with the Great Spirit relative to their happiness. He said he was impressed that intemperance would be the means of their extermination, and advised them to turn their backs on the "fire-water" of the white man. He said he had served them for over forty years without asking for a cent of pay, and the only thing he exacted was their obedience. With profound feeling he bemoaned his own and his people's mistake, and concluded by directing Colonel Thomas to act as clerk and write the following: "The undersigned Cherokees, belonging to the town of Qualla, agree to abandon the use of spirituous liquors."

Gravely stepping forward the old Chief signed first and was then followed by the whole town. For many years this pledge was kept inviolate, and at last, when some yielded to the influence of the whites and were lead to break it, Yonaguskah established the "whipping-post" and enforced his simple pledge

with the rigor of an English statute in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Sawinookih was a man of great native wit. In one of his visits, as Chief, to Washington he imbibed a little too prodigally of "fire-water," and wandering around in the bewildering glare of lights and city pageant (for it was in the night), he became "lost," and leaned up against the corner of a building for the night. In the midst of his dozings a passer-by accosted him with, "Hello, Indian, aren't you lost?" to which he instantly replied: "No! Injun not lost, hotel lost!"

Abraham Enloe was a large stock-dealer for his day. It was his custom to drive annually horses, mules and cattle to southern markets, and by this and the acquisition of large tracts of land and the slave-trade, he accumulated considerable means and established a reputation at home, and in the marts of the south, for preeminent judgment and far-reaching business acumen.

He trafficked in negroes all the way from Western North Carolina to Florida. From the latter, on one occasion, he brought home twenty. He was kind to his slaves. A practical example of his benevolent policy toward them was shown in his habitual custom of reading and expounding to them the Holy Scriptures each Sabbath.

He is described by those who were intimate with him to have been possessed of a fund of anecdote. He was also rich in practical humor. When he would take the Sunday morning's "tansy-dram," of which the pioneer was famously though temperately fond, he would call up his little negroes, and causing them to stick out their big under lips, he would, with much dignity, pour a teaspoonful on each protruded lip to the infinite amusement of the family and the exquisite pleasure of the little ebonites themselves.

In his private life Abraham Enloe was cordially esteemed by his neighbors. In his

family he ruled with patience and firmness. He was the father of nine sons and seven daughters. The sons all lived to man's estate, the only surviving one of whom says that each of the nine remained under parental control until he was of age, and not one was ever known to rebel against his father.

In personal appearance he is described by the family and those who knew him as having been a very large man, perhaps more, not less, than six feet high. Not corpulent but muscular and sinewy. His head was large and fine. Forehead, nose and mouth prominent. His hair was stiff and black. His complexion was inclined to tawny.

Unfortunately there is no likeness of him in existence. Men of his time didn't set much by pictures, and artists were scarce in the land.

He was undoubtedly a man of extraordinary mind. It is the universal consensus that he was the strongest character in his section, as a plain, practical, unaspiring citizen.

As heretofore intimated, his judgment was cheerfully deferred to or eagerly sought by his fellow citizens on subjects and occasions of moment.

He was simple, honest, brave; an ardent friend of truth. He hesitated not to go on toilsome errands of mercy for his bereft neighbors. He asked nothing in return but the answer of a good conscience. He was the best type of the civilian; plain, honest and unselfish. He had faults, but they were not such as rise from a mean heart plunged in moral turpitude, but those to which the flesh is easily heir. He was not a saint, but what is better here below, a nature's nobleman.

CHAPTER V.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born none knoweth when or where, he came up out of the bramble of obscurity. Whether he first saw the light in the woods, on the roadside, or in a dingy hovel, it matters not. He was nature's child, and nature nursed him. With her blessing she dropped him on the world and bade him live. He was first a helpless infant, then a little toddling child, and then a boy, but unlike other boys. He was awkward and gawky; his legs and arms were longer, his hands and feet were larger than those of other boys. He was more diffident and silent than any other boy.

At seven he went to school and learned to read; at ten he learned to write. He was serious and thoughtful; not overmuch energetic in body, but stint and duty urged him on, and

he wielded the ax at the age of eight and did the milling.

Reaching youth he remained in school, procured books and applied himself diligently. He stepped at once to the head of his class, and when a pretty schoolmate, in spelling a word, hesitated to know whether to say *i* or *y*, he pointed to his eye, she spelled it, and the teacher, unobservant, passed on.

He loved books. He eagerly devoured all there were in the secular home library of three books and turned his eye in search of others. He made himself familiar with the best literature of the neighborhood for miles around. His nightly companions were such sacred, old standards as the Bible, Æsop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Weems's Life of Washington. He borrowed the latter from a penurious neighbor, placed it in the crack between the logs of the cabin overnight; there came a rain, which wet the book, and the boy carried it to the owner to

assess the damage; the owner said seventy-five cents, and young Lincoln pulled fodder three days to satisfy him.

At the age of sixteen he wrote a dissertation on temperance and essayed poetry.

He grew to be a man, and he wanted, instead of his buckskin, a pair of brown jeans pantaloons, and he split for an old lady four hundred rails for every yard of cloth it took to make them. He read, he wrote, he spoke, he lectured, he farmed, he split rails, he pitched quoits, he joked, he wrestled, and sometimes he fought a fisticuff.

He became a surveyor; studied the statutes of Indiana and practiced stump-speaking in the fields to the hands.

He assisted in the management of a ferry across the Ohio river at thirty-seven and one-half cents a day; was noted as being the strongest man in the settlement, and was equally famous for writing papers on the science of government. He acted as bow-hand on a boat in a

voyage to New Orleans at a salary of eight dollars a month, and made three thousand rails for one man, walking three miles each day to his work.

He was a religious free-thinker and an adept at anecdote. He became a loaf in New Salem, Illinois, and then clerk to an election board. He was a miller and then a clerk in a store.

He was a merchant, and studied English. He was a hero in an interesting love-affair, and came near fighting a duel.

He was captain of a company in the Black Hawk war and read law meanwhile.

He was elected to the Legislature, and later was admitted to the bar. He was one of the foremost lawyers in the State of Illinois, and the rival of Stephen A. Douglas for the heart of a charming blue-blooded girl; he vanquished the judge and obtained her hand in marriage.

He was a frequent contributor to political journals, and attained a local prominence as a campaigner and manager.

He was elected to Congress and never opened his mouth except to vote.

He stepped upon the hustings against the "Little Giant," and attracted the attention of the country by his resource and facility at repartee.

He was an orator of rare felicity, and a statesman of extraordinary sagacity.

He endeavored to lecture on "The History and Progress of Inventions" and ignominiously failed. He was invited to Cooper Institute to speak; he accepted the invitation, spoke on "The Political Issues of the Day," and paved his way to the presidency.

He was nominated for the Chief Magistracy of the nation over the trained diplomat and statesman, William H. Seward, and was elected over three other candidates, one of whom was his brilliant old-time rival, Stephen A. Douglas. He occupied the executive chair through the most horrible war of all history; was elected to a second term during the progress of

that war, and just as he was adjusting his great faculties to lead the nation into a glorious peace, he was stricken by the red hand of an assassin.

History affords no parallel to Abraham Lincoln. In the classification of the world's heroes he must be grouped alone.

In the commingling and jargon of the common mass, he stood the tall representative of a new type.

His ways were of his own making. With his face set straight forward, his long arms swinging heavily, he strode so mightily that not only his own countrymen did list, but his footfall echoed around the world. Now he rose up, up, until he reached the heights, and then he grappled with the earth, and made those who touched him feel that they had touched a kindred clay.

His was a many-sided nature—an antithetical life—and his career was as mixed and varying as his nature was unique and odd.

Abraham Lincoln will never be understood. He may be appreciated, but it will require an exhaustive study of his character to enable one to do so.

He possessed an intellect deep and keen. He could see as far into profound and difficult questions as any man contemporaneous with him, or, doubtless, who has followed him.

He had a will—a will that was volatile or immovable at the command of his soul. On subjects of grave import his will, becoming fixed, was not to be swerved a hair's breadth; on questions indifferent and small his volition was the obedient child of policy and expediency. His mind was no less subtle than logical in its operation. His judgment was as clear and as unerring as mortal's usually is.

His heart was large, good and tender as a child's. It was responsive in the highest and best degree. No one in distress ever appealed to him in vain. A great, picturesque rock in a dry and thirsty land, the weary traveler rested in its shade.

As Lincoln emerged from the wilderness into civilization's highway men looked on him and were amazed. Whence did he come and whither was he bound? Lincoln beheld their wonder. He read their very thought, and herein was his mystery. In his intuitive knowledge of men he towered, like the giant he was, far above his fellows.

He early, how early we know not, became conscious that he was *a man*, and learned to associate with men as such. He did not have to come down on the common human level—he walked up and down between the clods from which he sprang and to which he sadly sank. In matters of conscience the angel of the better nature was his guide. He was not a Christian in the popular sense, traceable no doubt to his early bereavement of a mother. He had no faith in the orthodox sense; his faith was reason—the logic of cause and effect. His reliance was firm in God and immortality; his religion materialized in deeds whose end

was to make humanity better. He was not a dreamer, but an intense practicalist. Of this his life bore abundant evidence. By this it is not meant that he could not scheme or plan on the largest scale. This he did. But like Alexander and Napoleon, he executed as rapidly as he planned. His genius was the most fertile and versatile. No exigency arose to confound his faculties and baffle his resource. In the fiercest administrative storm he stood on the topmost billow like a Norseman of old unterrified. In the midst of these perplexities, when his associates were all dismay, he related a humorous anecdote about some good farmer in Illinois, and transformed the scene of distraction into hilarious uproar.

He believed in the right and ability of mankind to govern themselves. He did not hesitate at the same time to avow "that all of the people might do wrong part of the time."

He was a man of the most profound principle. He was preeminently a man of policy. Principle was an end, policy was the means.

He was courageous physically, intellectually, morally. He shrank not from physical contests the most taxing.

He was eager to cross mental swords with the most brilliant.

He antagonized old, sacred beliefs in politics and religion with weird audacity, and his antagonist always bore away marks of the engagement.

He always weighed well his words and calculated coolly his acts; their effect was reckoned before they left him.

He was ambitious. He was aspiring. He was restless. He sighted his object, and then thought and planned and strove to reach it.

He was certain of his powers, and he wielded them with a careful hand. There was no slumbering of talents with him; no rust nor ashes with the broken pottery of neglect in the paths he frequented.

Like some precious tree that regales the passer-by with its delightful perfume, he im-

parted a sweet influence to all who passed through the atmosphere of his being.

While others studied books, Lincoln studied men. Here was another and real secret of his life. From his plain Western home he looked abroad and surveyed the field. With a wise and cunning eye he looked at the East with her Phillips and her Sumner; the North with her Seward and her Cameron; the Middle and West with their Corwin and Chase; men of his own political party; men of vaulting ambition and commanding talent, and wondered how he might pass through them into the White House of the nation.

He outwitted, outthought, outdid a rival, no matter how great, and then looking back from the hill of success, he bound up that rival's broken hope by an unseen stratagem. Thus he made Secretaries, Generals, and Justices of the Supreme Court.

He was a superb tactician. He laid his plans with the utmost precision, and these rarely miscarried.

When he formulated a purpose he often consulted the mind of others, but in the end he preferred his own judgment, and upon it he risked the issue.

He was frank and open in his general intercourse, but there was a well-known line in his character where publicity stopped and privacy began. This discipline made his insight into the public men with whom he dealt approximate omniscience. He knew their strong points, their virtues, and he knew their faults and foibles. He read their whims and their caprices as one would read a book.

He unbosomed himself to none; he risked many and trusted few. He collided with men who, in some particular field, outshone him for a moment, but it was only for a moment; he had but to stand up and his simple personality overshadowed them. There was but one other person who possessed such simplicity and majesty of character in our country, and that was Robert E. Lee.

He knew the people—the plain folks, as he was pleased to style them—as no man has known them since the nation was born. He was of them. Through the white portals of the capitol of the republic he looked into the lowly doors of millions of cabins each day of his four years official incumbency. He saw the struggle and toil; the grief and tears—he felt them. As their faithful servant he remembered them and conducted their affairs with a view to their peace, prosperity, and happiness. He knew their mode of thinking. He was conversant with their manner of speaking. He was familiar with their way of acting. He thought, spoke and acted as if he were in their presence. When he saluted them or took them by the hand, there was a meeting of friends. He was the prince of plain men, and they were his neighbors. He communicated with them in simplest speech enlightened by homely illustration. With an endless supply of fable and anecdote he amused and instructed.

He loved and served the people, and the people loved and honored him. When it came to dealing with the people he had no patience with the time-server. He was bold when he dealt with the people. He invited the most rigid scrutiny of his public acts. He promulgated his conviction or policy, defended it through every stage of its progress, and if it failed of its object he acknowledged his mistake and assumed the responsibility. He sounded the public necessity and sought to satisfy it.

Trickery and simulation were foreign to him. If he thought he was being imposed upon, woe be to the impostor. If it was without his power to aid a friend, he frankly told him so.

He was charitable in the high catholic sense. He had a tender fellow-feeling for mankind. He knew the many weaknesses to which the flesh is heir. He was sure to see the suffering heart, and no one ever touched it more often to soothe.

He frequently withdrew from the multitude and communed with himself. He came forth stronger when he had encountered a difficulty. He left the dross in the fire; sorrow and tribulation were his earthly lot. "Myrrh and aloes and ivory palaces" turned not his head; he was touched but not influenced by praise; he was often mortified but never unmanned by criticism. The ludicrous filled him with life; sorrow and suffering melted his heart.

He never fawned upon the public or an individual, and he was thought by some to be selfish and austere. He never meddled with the affairs of others, and he was accused of seeking personal aggrandizement.

In the practice of the law he was natural and urbane, and he was called a monkey and a clown. He was cautious and conservative in the exercise of his official functions, and he was suspicioned and criticized by the impetuous who should have been his warmest friends.

As president, he was not impervious to ad-

verse political criticism or personal detraction, and he made fewer mistakes than any man who has yet filled that exalted station.

In private life he was natural, original to the point of eccentricity.

He was by nature a melancholy man; he drew it from his mother. The purple lineaments of this inward ghost shone from his pale and haggard face. At times this spirit well-nigh overcame him, but he asserted his mighty will. He courted the nymph of humor; he gathered stories full of mirth and moral and told them to his company, and the wide prairie, the disordered law-office, or the executive chamber rang with jocund laughter.

He was a patient husband, a lenient, loving father. He was no conventionalist; he cared less than nothing for fad or fashion; he was insensible to gossip and had no part or lot in the little strivings of small men. With him there were no petty likes and dislikes—nothing mean or groveling. He hated a simper-

ing flatterer or growling churl with a mortal hatred. He was forgiving, sympathetic, kind —a broad-minded, great-hearted gentleman.

He was an American—the first American illustrating the existence of a new national type. He was the first popularly acknowledged representative of the plebeian cast; the first prince of American peasants, and lifting him upon their shoulders they proclaimed him the first yeoman of their freehold.

Of Southern origin, born in the South, he came up on a Western prairie. To Southern inheritance was added Western environment. To Southern warmth and generosity, springing from Southern sun and soil, was added the freedom of the Western plain and the rough habits of Western life. He was by nature and education the product of rural energy. The South and West were the home of this element. Of this element Lincoln was the untrammeled child. His parents never dreamed of Northern or Eastern sticklings for ancient

transatlantic customs and laws. Such were his early surroundings, and so soon did he leave the South that he never had any prepossessions in favor of human slavery.

He was the simple though strong individual, and then the oracle of his class—the masses everywhere. The blessings of his virtuous mind and provident hand in due time began to fall upon all. His influence no partizanship could destroy or faction avoid.

He was a patriot. He loved his country for his country's sake. He sought to cement the common interest and advance the common weal.

He was a steadfast believer in, and supporter of, the Constitution. He studied and construed it. He advocated a perpetual Union, and would not admit the right of any State to withdraw from it. He labored as no man ever has or will to preserve the Union unimpaired. This was the sole and only object of his chief magisterial life. He was opposed to

the extension of human slavery into new territory, but "it was never his inclination or purpose to interfere with that institution in the States where it did exist." He deprecated the idea of freeing the colored race and turning them loose, clothed with equal rights, among the white people of the South. If he had lived it never would have been done. He was the great central, controlling spirit on the Union side, and he waged the war on purely defensive grounds. The noble people of the North and East, though blood of our blood, did not realize the situation. Their splendid humanitarianism was too long-ranged. Not by striking the shackles from the colored race, for that was right, but by making him the equal of all of us whom they would not acknowledge the equal of a single man of them, they decreed that we should wander in the wilderness of problem and uncertainty, not forty years, but indefinitely. Lincoln understood this, and his great heart went out in

sympathy for the bleeding South. He knew that he was the son of her bosom and that her children were his brethren.

He labored as long as there was a shadow of hope to avert war. When its crimson tide began to flow, he proposed to buy the slaves and stop it. Failing in this, he endeavored to colonize them beyond the choler of unhappy memory and the antipathy of strange blood.

Persistent, firm and gentle in his memory of the South, he bore up against the pressure from the North to arm the black man against his former master. But when at last he saw that unless something was done, his fondest dream would come to naught, he reluctantly gave way, and a portion of the slaves were made to lift their hands against us.

The stricken South lost this noble friend—her filial scion—when least she could afford it. Wilkes Booth might well have stayed the deadly hand, for if he had the South had journeyed round the valley through which she

is passing. But happily the time is now when the generous people of the North and East who, with the wisdom of prophecy, picked Mr. Lincoln up at his opportunity and placed him where God intended, are seeing their mistake, and with the same candor and zeal which marked their strife to bring about our problem, are essaying to help us solve it.

America has produced and will produce but one Lincoln. The world may now see but shall not soon understand this enigmatical man.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ENLOES.

It is not only interesting but of historical importance to produce, in this connection, a short account of the Enloe family.

This family does not lay claim to a niche in the nation's Westminster, nor does it accept a plat in its potter's field. It rather takes its place in the cemetery of honor and respectability. This is not meant to refer so much to descent as to position in society. It is not our object to lay for it "claim to long descent." This doubtless would bring with it some difficulty, and yet it would be no more difficult in the case of the Enloes than in that of any other ordinary family of the English-speaking people.

In support of this last proposition, permit me to quote a no less eminent authority than

MRS. ANDREW J. PATTON.

Daughter of Wesley Enloe.

Justice Walter Clark: "William the Conqueror ascended the throne of England A. D. 1066. Allowing thirty-three years as a generation, there have been twenty generations, counting his children then living as the first generation. Many people have several children, others have more. It is certainly not an immoderate calculation to average each descendant as having three children, for if each descendant with his wife had left only two children, the population would have stood still, whereas less than a million inhabitants of the British Isles of that day have grown to be nearly forty millions there and seventy millions on this side of the water. William the Conqueror had four sons and six daughters; averaging each of these as having three children, with the same average for each of their descendants down to the present, and the ten children of William in the present or twenty-fifth generation, by a simple arithmetical calculation, would have 2,824,295,314,810 de-

scendants now living in the British Isles, in America, in the colonies, or wherever men of British descent are to be found.

As this is fully twenty-five thousand times as many as there are people of British descent on the globe, there must be an error in the above calculation. There are two. First: While an average of two children to each descendant is too small, since that average would have kept the population stationary, an average of three is too high, as that is an increase of fifty per cent. every thirty years, an average which few countries other than the United States could show.

The second error is that intermarriages among descendants must be allowed for. Say that owing to these errors the result of the calculation is twenty thousand times too much, it would still result that every man of English-speaking race is descended from the Conqueror. Reduce it as much more as you like and the chances are yet strong that any given man of

MRS. FLOYD.

Granddaughter of Abraham Enloe.

your acquaintance, as well as yourself, is probably a descendant of the victor of Hastings."

Apropos to this the distinguished Judge says, and truly: "The doctrine of heredity has some force in it, but much that is called heredity is simply the effect of environment."

There is much of interest here in the study of the character of Abraham Lincoln, especially as viewed from the North Carolina tradition. The history of the Enloes, from its remotest period, illustrates the force of a wise selection, both as to heredity and environment. This is shown most clearly in the ease with which they have held their own in the race for Anglo-Saxon supremacy. From the time of their coming to the Colonies from across the water until now, their history shows that they have occupied the same stable, reputable station in society—the best circle of the middle class; the class that constitutes the salt of civilization, the saving-grace element of the race.

Three Enloe brothers, forebears of the family, landed about the middle of the seventeenth century, in Maryland. They came from Scotland and England. One of these brothers settled on Lord Baltimore's land, and reared a family. The other two went from Maryland to South Carolina and made their home in York district.

These old Enloes were school-teachers by profession—men of liberal education. From these three men have sprung a numerous progeny, scattered over Maryland, South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, California and Texas. It is remarkable the number of strong men throughout this long line. We fearlessly invite any one who may feel skeptical as to this assertion to investigate for himself.

All down the line from the day when the South Carolina grandsires began to "train the young idea to shoot," to the present when they sit in State legislatures, in Congress and upon

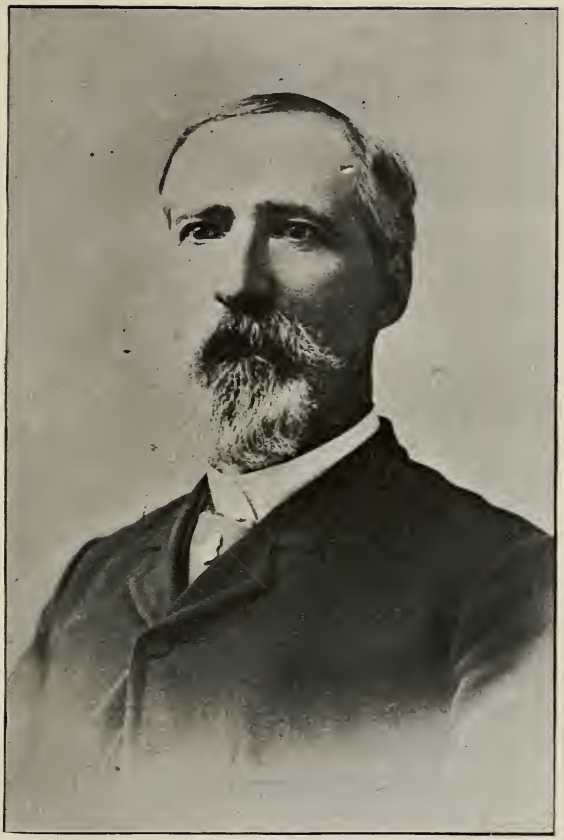
the bench, the Enloes have undoubtedly contributed materially to the building of the Republic. They have marched in the forefront of frontier settlement, undaunted by the sternest difficulties. They have introduced civil government in the wilderness, and modestly, yet liberally, contributed to the support of its institutions. They have helped make, construe and enforce the laws by which they have been governed. Wherever duty called, in peace or war, they have cheerfully responded.

Wherever they have dwelt, they have distinguished themselves for intelligence, industry and probity. Wherever they have planted themselves, thrifty farmers, successful merchants, physicians, jurists and legislators have sprung up.

Physically they are rather large, tall, slender, but raw-boned as a rule, and sinewy. Mentally they are vigorous and alert, and throughout the line, in an individual here and there, there is a vein of natural humor. One instance

I recall now: Matthew Enloe, deceased, son of Abraham Enloe, was not an educated man, owing to poor early advantages, but being possessed of a fine, native intellect he enlivened the company with which he was thrown with a sparkling humor. We have been assured by those who knew him well that he was even more like Abraham Lincoln in personal appearance than is his surviving brother Wesley. We confess, however, that this is hard to conceive after seeing only the latter.

We shall here offer the interesting letters of three representatives of the Enloe family, residing respectively in North Carolina, Illinois and Missouri. These letters are the more interesting because the North Carolina representative, as we are led to infer from the circumstances, when he wrote knew nothing of the Illinois or Missouri Enloes, and when the Illinois and Missouri representatives wrote neither of them knew anything of the North Carolina Enloes. And what is still more interest-



CAPT. WILLIAM A. ENLOE.

Grandson of Abraham Enloe.

ing, in this place, is the proof which these letters afford of the general accuracy of tradition, together with the commendable pride and care with which the Enloes preserve their name and family identity :

DILLSBORO, N. C., January 28, 1899.

Jas. H. Cathey, Esq., Bryson City, N. C.

MY DEAR SIR :—Your letter found me in the grasp of the grippe, but I shall be pleased to answer your questionos as best I can.

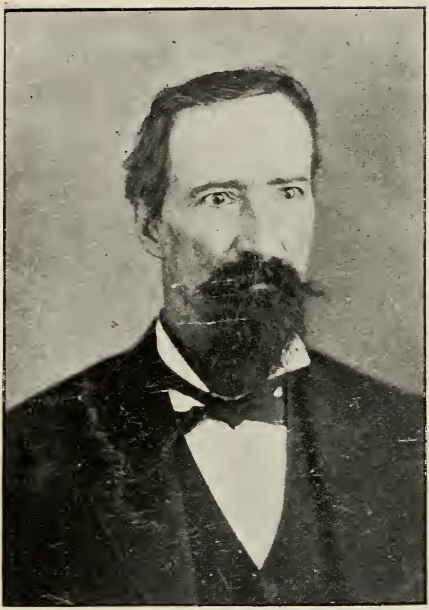
My ancestors were of Scotch and English descent as far as I have been able to trace them. They came to this country (that is, direct) from England.

My father's given name was Scroup. This name was always a mystery to me on account of its peculiarity. I could not account for it until I came across it in an old English history. I found in this history that there once lived in England a family whose surname was Scroup, and that they owned a large estate which descended under that name.

On finding this name in English history, and recalling that neither I nor any one else whom I had ever met in this country had ever heard of the name Scroup outside of my immediate family, I became quite convinced, the originals having set sail from there, that my family on some side were of English stock.

From the best information I have, there were three brothers of the original Enloes who came from the old country. They made their first stop in Maryland, where one of them staid and raised a family. One of them emigrated to York District, South Carolina. This was my great-grandfather. I think his name was Gilbert.

My grandfather, Abraham Enloe, came over to Rutherford county, North Carolina, and married there a Miss Egerton. He afterward moved just above the Indian Mission, then to Ocona Lufta, in Buncombe county, where he resided till his death. He raised nine sons and seven daughters. The other



CAPT. WM. A. ENLOE
At an Earlier Age.

brother of my great-grandfather, and one of the original three, went to Middle Tennessee and settled. He raised a considerable family. One of his descendants, B. A. Enloe, represented the Eighth Tennessee district in Congress for several successive terms.

Some of the Yorkville branch of the family moved to Georgia and elsewhere. Those in Georgia got to spelling their name "Inlow," instead of Enloe. I visited the old gentleman—the head of the Georgia branch. I found we were of the same stock. He told me that when he went to Georgia, people there were inclined to spell the name "Inlow"; they kept it up; he did not file his objection, and he finally found himself illustrating the doctrine that custom eventually becomes law, and writing it himself the same way.

Judge Enloe, who was assassinated at Ellijay, Georgia, by "bushwhackers," during the war, was this old gentleman's son. Hon. W.

Burder Ferguson, of Waynesville, N. C., read law under Judge Enloe.

As to my grandfather Abraham Enloe's intelligence, he was naturally of strong mind, and was well educated for a man of his time. He was a justice of the peace, an office of no little importance in pioneer days. He did the official writing for his neighborhood.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM A. ENLOE.

MULBERRY GROVE, ILL., Sept. 16, 1895.

James H. Cathey, Esq., Bryson City, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 14th inst. to hand, and I hasten to reply.

I am unable to throw any light on the subject of Lincoln's origin, further than looks—physical appearance.

Abe Lincoln was a long, bony man, as are all the Enloes I have ever seen. As to his father being an Enloe, I know nothing.

I will now give you, as near as I can, a brief history of my part of the Enloe family.

My father's name was James; his father's name was Ashael; his father was Isaac Enloe, a Scotchman. Isaac Enloe was a Revolutionary patriot and soldier. There were two brothers of the old Scotch stock who settled in York county, South Carolina. My father and grandfather moved to Davidson county, Tenn., I think about the year 1808, where my grandfather Ashael taught school. (See history of Davidson county, Tenn.) About the year 1816 they moved to Illinois, where we have remained ever since.

As to myself, I served through the entire war, '61–5, in an Illinois regiment. I was not in North Carolina during the war, but had a brother who was with Sherman there. I was a First Lieutenant in the Gulf Department after Vicksburg, and I will say that although I fought the South for nearly four years, and got mixed up with the Johnnies in many an unpleasant place (at least to me), I was never captured until years after Lee quit

at Appomattox. In 1871 I was taken in by a North Carolina gal. She waged a war on the aggressive, and came all the way to Illinois to get to capture me. Her father was in the Confederate army. I think this is as it should be—mix the people up and put an end to difference and distance.

I will send you a letter I received some time ago from Dr. Isaac N. Enloe, of Jefferson City, Missouri. Hope this may be of some service to you.

Respectfully yours,

SAM G. ENLOE.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., May 5, 1894.

Sam G. Enloe, Mulberry Grove, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter in regard to our family and relationship to hand. I am satisfied we are of the same stock.

From my oldest brother, James, who has heard my grandfather speak of his ancestors, I have the following: The first of the Enloe

J. FRANK ENLOE.
Son of Wesley and Grandson of Abe Enloe.

stock or family, consisting of two brothers named Isaac and Enoch, both school-teachers, settled in South Carolina. Previous to going to South Carolina they lived for a while, teaching, in Maryland. This was some time near the middle of the seventeenth century. Both originally came from Scotland. My great-grandfather Enoch was the son of one of these Enloe brothers; Isaac, I think. I have no positive information to that effect, but my great-grandfather must have had brothers. Isaac and Enoch Enloe both married in South Carolina and raised large families. One of these families became quite wealthy and remained in that State. Members of the other family, about the year 1808, moved to Tennessee. In 1808 my grandfather moved from South Carolina to Tennessee. My grandfather married a sister of his brother Isaac's wife. Isaac had three sons, Benjamin, James and Joel. Ben still lives in Tennessee, and is the father of Benjamin A. Enloe, Con-

gressman from the eighth Tennessee district. James and Joel are physicians, and reside in Nashville, Tenn.

My grandfather, James Enloe, was born in York district, South Carolina, February 19th, 1793. He moved from there to Tennessee in 1808, and in 1828 he moved to Missouri. In Missouri he entered land and farmed, devoting no little time to horses and politics. He represented Cole county in the State Legislature once, and Moniteau, after it was cut off from Cole, twice.

My father Enoch was born in Barren county, Kentucky, in 1814, where my grandfather had moved temporarily. He came with grandfather to Missouri in 1828. My father married a Miss Murray. Of this union there were, in all, fourteen children. Eleven lived to be grown—seven sons and four daughters. One of my brothers is a merchant, two of us are physicians, and the others are farmers.

Yours truly, ISAAC N. ENLOE.

In this letter of Dr. I. N. Enloe we have eliminated a great deal relating to his immediate family, of the Enloes. We have meant simply to trace the name toward its original. There are, however, two things we have left out which we deem worthy of mention here—the frequent appearance of Abraham, showing that it was a common name in the Enloe family, and the certain indication that the Enloes were superstitiously observant of the scriptural injunction, "to be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it."

It is only just to say that each of the foregoing letters is a courteous response to urgent and repeated solicitations.

CHAPTER VII.

WISDOM AND PROPHECY.

From Mr. Lincoln's Inaugural Address of 4th March, 1861 :—

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it, while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for

precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken his favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn oath to "preserve, protect and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it cannot break our bonds of affection. The mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched,

as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

From his famous letter to Horace Greeley :—

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored the nearer the Union will be—the Union as it was.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it—if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it—if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because it helps to save the Union.

From his message of March 6, 1862:—

I recommend the adoption of a resolution by your honorable body, which shall be substantially as follows:

Resolved, That the United States, in order to co-operate with any State which may adopt gradual abolition of slavery, give to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State, in its discretion, to compensate it for the inconvenience, public and private, produced by such change of system.

On the 14th August, 1862, he received a deputation of colored men, with whom he held an interview on the subject of colonization, in which he, among other things, said:—

It now becomes my duty, as it has long been my inclination, to favor the colonization of the people of African descent residing in the United States. Why should the people of your race be colonized, and where? Why should they leave this country? This, perhaps, is the first question for proper consideration. You and we are different races. We have

between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss; but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think.

Your race suffer very greatly, many of them by living among us, while ours suffer from your presence. In a word, we suffer on each side.

If this is admitted, it affords a reason, at least, why we should be separated.

You, here, are freemen, I suppose. Perhaps you have long been free, or all your lives. Your race are suffering, in my judgment, the greatest wrong inflicted on any people. But even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race. You are cut off from many of the advantages which the white race enjoys. The aspiration of men is to enjoy equality with the best when free, but on this broad continent not a

single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours. Go where you are treated the best, and the ban is still upon you. I do not propose to discuss this, but I treat it as a fact with which we have to deal. I cannot alter it if I would. It is the fact about which we all think and feel alike, I and you.

We look to our condition. Owing to the existence of two races on this continent, I need not recount to you the effects upon white men growing out of the institution of slavery. I believe in its general evil effects on the white race. See our present condition—the country engaged in a war! our white men cutting one-another's throats; none knowing how far it will extend, and then consider what we know to be the truth. But for your race among us there could not be war, although many men engaged on either side do not care for you one way or the other.

Nevertheless, I repeat, without the institution of slavery, and the colored race as a basis,

the war could not have an existence. It is better for us both, therefore, that we be separated.

His speech on the occasion of the dedication of the battle-field of Gettysburg:—

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note

nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is, rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

NOTE:—For the foregoing extracts, except the Gettysburg address, the author is under obligation to Raymond's Life of Lincoln.

THE END.